THE ALTERNATIVE

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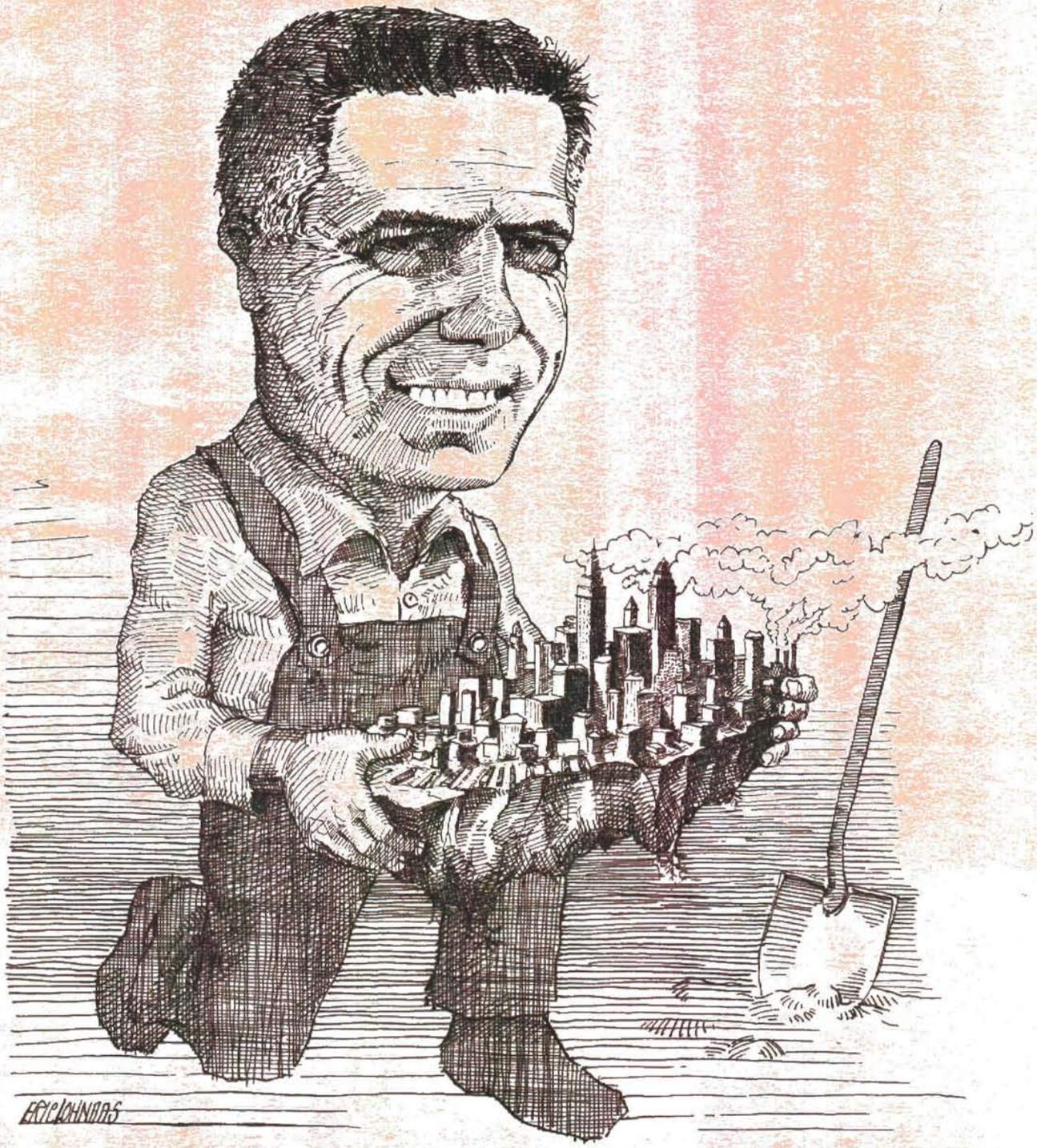

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

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Editorial I

Scranton and the "New Kultur"

As you can well imagine this famed journal of student opinion has, since publication of the Scranton Commission's Report on Campus Unrest, been besieged by editorialists and statesmen thirsting for the New Generation's verdict on that historic document. After enjoining a team of brilliantly idealistic young researchers (average age: thirteen years, age range: seven months to ninety-three years) to analyze that three hundred-page document for the past three months. I now have their conclusions before me, and you will be relieved to hear that I intend to have the Rt. Hon. Mr. Scranton prosecuted as a common nuisance. Further I urge that the rest of the disgusting nitwits who aided and abetted him while serving as fellow commissioners be prosecuted for graft. And if we cannot find a public spirited hangman let the authorities deport these scoundrels to Northern Ireland or a pleasantly contaminated atomic test site.

The Report contains two intelligent chapters, five imbecilic chapters and a garbage heap of conclusions which compose the most preposterous communique to leave Washington since President Warren G. Harding's last love letter to Mrs. Carrie Phillips. The whole thing is so marvelously moronic that it would be unsporting of me not to smile on it, and I suggest that future generations read it so as to capture the joy of life under America's Post-Liberal Patriciate.

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The Continuing Crisis

On 9 November Charles DeGaulle, the founder of modern France, assumed room temperature. The European press reported that while in France for DeGaulle's interment, Senator Edward Kennedy was seen dancing with a European princess until five o'clock in the morning. An aide for the Senator emphatically denied the reports stating "the Senator was not dancing." On 5 December the front page of the New York Times reported that Mildred Harmon's husband had been killed in a boating accident and that it was her decision to have him cremated. There were 85,683 cremations in this country last year, the **Times** reported. Student body presidents from fifteen universities emplaned for Hanoi to negotiate what they termed a "peoples' peace." Their diplomatic mission was organized by a group calling itself the National Student Association (American). The first annual Erotic Film Festival opened in San Francisco, and the Carnegie Foundation Commission on Higher Education recommended that study for a bachelor's degree be reduced to three years.

Towards the end of November prospects for peace were even more vicissitudinous than at the month's beginning. On 20 November American bombers penetrated deeper into North Vietnam than in many months, and the President authorized a fruitless raid twenty-three miles outside of suburban Hanoi to free American prisoners of war. Nevertheless diplomatic activity stepped up in Paris, and the National Research Council of Canada announced on 23 November that it had developed a cannon which fires not shells but dead chickens. The serialized appearance of Mr. Khrushchev's "memoirs" continued to ruffle feathers, this time those of the Kennedys, as Khrushchev presented his rendering of the Cuban Missile Crisis.

On 2 December the Carnegie Commission reported that universities containing fifty-six percent of the student population were headed for serious financial difficulty, and Northwestern University's survey found 1971 graduates would have more difficulty finding jobs than in years past. All agreed that higher education was skirting depression. Union University, Carson-Newman College, and Belmont College announced they would continue their ban on dancing on the campus.

On 20 December Mr. Douglas E. Kneeland reported on the New York **Times'** front page that "campuses were quiet but not content." A bomb destroyed the University of Kansas' computer. One dozen bomb threats hit Boston College in two weeks. Northeastern University experienced thirty-five in one day, but Boston University outdistanced them all with forty. Senator McGovern promised to "study the possibility" of introducing legislation outlawing FBI agents on campus. Students at Eastern Washington State College established the American record in the four lip kiss, performing for twelve hours flat. New York police

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THE ALTERNATIVE January, 1971

Student Protest in the French Way

By Paul Bernstein

One of the latest additions to liberal dogma is the explanation of student unrest that pins the blame on Mr. Nixon and his Washington cohorts. According to this theory, many if not all of the troubles that beset our campuses would disappear, if only the national administration would alter those of its policies that are most unpopular among students. (Just coincidentally, these policies are also unpopular with the proponents of the theory.) Before we accept this reasoning and conclude that unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam is necessary in order to prevent further disturbances on campus (this is a dubious criterion for making policy in any case), perhaps we should ask whether the causes of student protest are as simple as this theory makes it appear.

One way of putting the theory to the test is to consider student protest in another country, France. The French student movement presents something of a puzzle, if we apply the reasoning that where there are student uprisings there is at least one significantly unpopular government policy. Indeed, here there are no issues such as Vietnam, racism, or even environment; the biggest national problem issues from old-fashioned economy. And yet French universities--devoid of fraternities, football, or beer parties--are more genuine hotbeds of radicalism than even their American counterparts. How can we account for this?

In one sense, French students are simply a more radical breed. Despite reports that we are alienating our youth to the point of no return, the average American student protestor is no revolutionary, as any SDSer can tell you. I am reminded of a comment that a Maoist acquaintance of mine made after the first day of a sit-in at the University of Chicago. He was horrified when he discovered that many of the so-called demonstrators had really joined in the occupation as an experiment in communal living. "There actually are kids in the building who believe in American democracy!" he fumed.

Not so in France. Here radicals inherit a romantic legacy that includes the revolutions of 1789 and 1848, the Commune of 1871, and of course the near-revolution of 1968. Fully aware of this past, they do not doubt that they are capable of bringing the government to its knees. They also have a better knowledge of revolutionary literature than American activists, and as a result their ideological commitments are less vague. Maoists, Guevarists, anarchists, and nihilists abound; even the moderates are Trotskyites. There is certainly no room for Jerry Rubins or Timothy Learys in this movement.

Even in this more serious ambiance, however, there are more debates and discussions than actual programs for action, and most of the uprisings have been spontaneous. Despite their profound influence, the demonstrators of May 1968 did not immediately realize what they had started, and were eventually manipulated by the traditional French Communist Party.

In the aftermath then, analysts conceded that the disturbance had not been planned and began searching for a root cause. Their conclusions are now well-known. It was found that despite all the anger expressed against the "bourgeois capitalist system," the real source of frustration was the universities themselves. Due to the post-war baby boom and an even-greater percentage of secondary school graduates enrolling, universities were hopelessly overcrowded. The construction of new campuses had not compensated for an increase in the number of students from 170,000 in 1958 to 600,000 in 1968. Laboratory and classroom space was critically insufficient, and the student-faculty ratio never lower than 50 to 1. Nowhere was the overcrowding more serious than in Paris, which had attracted most of the best professors and researchers in the country, and about one third of its students.

There were other features of university life capable of producing widespread disenchantment among students. Many who had been accepted under the easy admissions policy (in France, any student who passes the baccalaureate examination at the end of secondary school is entitled to enter into a university) found the work to be more than they could handle. And should they graduate, their future was by no means secure, due to a high national rate of unemployment. Finally, students had no influence of any kind in the running of the university, with all important decisions being made by the Ministry of Education in Paris.

The French government was quick to see that educational reform could defuse the students' protests and be a considerable good in itself. Under the supervision of Edgar Faure, Minister of Education and former Premier, important changes were instituted. Political activity on campus was authorized for the first time, a rigid year-end examination system was streamlined; student-faculty committees were given an influence in the administration of individual universities. The problem of overcrowding and the strain on the university facilities of Paris could not be solved as quickly; but the government did accelerate the expansion of provincial universities and the creation of new professorships.

Unfortunately, the significance of all this has been lost on the students. The number of radicals has grown rather than decreased, and rioting and vandalism are still frequent. The talk of overthrowing the "bourgeois capitalist system" continues, although a more specific grievance has still not emerged. The unemployment crisis has been aggravated by the fact that the huge majority of students are majoring in liberal-arts disciplines, although the country cannot use them and desperately needs more scientists. Yet at several universities, students have opposed the creation of a job-placement office, saying that it would pervert their education by shuffling them into work like cattle.

The inescapable conclusion is that the students are not hostile towards the structure of the university so much as towards its role, which they see as that of a factory developing parts for the nation's economy. In this contest, changes in the university's size or in its decision-making process are irrelevant: the source of disgruntlement seems to be a basic uncertainty on the part of the students as to why they are at a university, and what they will do when they get out. Meanwhile the government, after facing disturbances last June that were reminiscent of May 1968, has no doubt resigned itself to the fact that no amount of university reform will de-radicalize the students.

There is then, I think, a fundamental similarity between the student protestors of France and America. These are not martyrs suffering under the yoke of a government that will not listen to them. Rather they are adolescents unwilling to accept the realities of mass education, searching for a "meaning" to their studies and to their future that can never exist, unable to see the intrinsic value of intellectual pursuit--and prepared, of course, to attack any obvious symbol of authority.

An oversimplified generalization? Inevitably it is. But it at least goes deeper than the kind of theory mentioned earlier. In light of the available evidence, it seems foolish to wring our hands over student unrest wondering where we have gone wrong, and to prescribe as remedies a cooling of the rhetoric or an exercise of "moral leadership" by the President. We would do better to remember that the phenomenon is not uniquely American; and that if the French experience is in any way typical, student unrest will be with us for some time, whatever the national administration, the universities, or anyone else tries to do about it.

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Berkeley, the New Left and Dogs

By John R. Coyne, Jr.

John R. Coyne, Jr. is the author of The Kumquat Statement (see Avey's review on page 14) from which the following story is partially derived.

When I think of Berkeley, I think of many things. I came there from the Midwest, and was dazzled. The sun is different, even in winter, large and warm, almost tropical, but the heat is always cut by a steady Pacific breeze blowing in under the Golden Gate Bridge. The air is delicious, edible, and you can get fat breathing it. And the sky on the western rim is bigger and much, much brighter, all primary, no pastel blue. Days are long and there's no twilight ; up to the moment the sun drops abruptly into the Pacific it's nearly as bright as noon. Foliage is multicolored, exotic, especially on the Berkeley campus, easily one of the most beautiful places on earth. Hundreds of varieties of flowers year round. Tulip trees, rose trees, purple trees with purple leaves, giant eucalyptus trees, kumquat trees. Beautiful. And, naturally, a paradise for dogs.

Across Sproul Plaza and through the cafeterias and classrooms roams one of the largest stray dog packs in the world, snarling, defecating, fornicating and cadging meals from outdoor lunchers. This stray dog population has grown much in the same way as the Street-People-New-left population, and the campus and the surrounding community have reacted to them similarly. In the summer of '68, for instance, the New Leftists had for a brief period effectively closed the campus and the administration had confessed it was unable to curb them; Larry Schmelzer, head of something called in typical university fashion the Environmental Health and Safety Department, at the same time admitted to a similar inability to control the dogs Schmelzer claimed that the stray dog situation was so bad that it would take a full-time crew three months "to reduce the unlicensed dog population to reasonable levels."

The city of Berkeley also suffered. In early July the New Leftists successfully linked up with the swarming street-people Telegraph Avenue culture and together they had terrorized the city for several days, breaking windows, burning and smashing, until the City Council had to declare a state of emergency. Citizens were irate, knowing that the marauders could retreat after a raid to the sanctuary of the campus, where they'd regroup and hold mass meetings to plan the next raid.

And the dogs did likewise. Daily they'd roam off the campus, pad through food stores and restaurants and grab snacks from counters and plates, defecate and urinate on the carpets in the Bank of America, bite shoppers, and then retreat to the campus when the dog catchers appeared. The City Council, unable to get the New Leftists locked up, took on the dogs by introducing a proposal for a stringent leash law. The reaction was predictable.

"If you love dogs or believe in freedom, speak against the leash law," urged the student paper, which later ran a picture of an adorable fuzzy little puppy reported to have been exterminated by the humane society, along with a piece about the assistant director of the society calculated to make him sound like Heinrich Himmler. "If I cannot afford property," stated another student, "I cannot have a dog," thus linking stray dogs to class warfare. "Dogs have long been a part of this campus," wrote a typical academic, "exemplifying a spirit of freedom."

There were the reactionaries, of course, among them an official of the Student Health Services who recognized the striking similarities in the life-styles of New Leftist Street People and dogs: "It may seem amusing to watch the dogs steal lunches from unwary students but it is pitiable when you realize that this is the only way these dogs stay alive--by the lunches they steal, the garbage cans they raid, or the handouts they can mooch by begging or scare tactics."

A professor of zoology, in a letter to the student newspaper, complained that dogs regularly attended his classes and that

Canine Pelts

recently two of them had proceeded tc mate as he lectured. And I remember a class I was attending in which the professor had just launched into a dramatic discussion of the Leda and the Swan myth. He flapped his arms in the air, swan-like, and shouted: "Here came this great beast!" And a yelping setter-like bitch came running through the door pursued by an amorous Shepherd. They raced up one aisle, down another, then behind the lectern. The professor scooted around the table, waving an eraser, shouting things like "heel." The Shepherd took a nip at him, missed, then followed the setter outside. Later in the year the same class was disrupted by student activists who forced the professor to cancel his lecture.

Striking similarities, in several ways. Back in 1965, for instance, when the student movement was still essentially reformist, a graduate student named Donald Halock ate his lunch at the outside cafeteria on the Plaza. Each time he forked in a mouthful a pack of stray dogs around his tabled snarled and yelped and lunged. Finally, one of them jumped on to the table and sank his muzzle in Halock's food. Halock grabbed the dog by the scruff of the neck and dropped him over the railing ten feet to the grass below. This prompted the following letter to the Daily Californian from an onlooker: "The puppie's (sic) screams and cries did nothing to arouse further interest from witnesses to the atrocity. The student refused to accompany the animal to the hospital, stating, 'I must finish my lunch.' Your act, Donald Halock, was despicable and unfathomable (Halock claims he tried for five minutes to chase the dogs away). The fact that you are a graduate student perhaps lends more shame to your crime. Your utter lack of interest in the pain you caused an innocent animal to suffer indicates inhumanity and an incapacity to love."

The next day a veternarian reported that the dog had received no injuries. But what is interesting here is the reaction, for it is essentially the same reaction, prompted by an undiscriminating and hyper-emotional sensibility, which underlay so much of the now-defunct civil-rights movement, that do-gooder mode of feeling which every northern college girl took with her down into Mississippi where she travelled to liberate all those nice Negroes.

The strain of sensibility has been passed down to the new revolutionaries, and their revolt is less rational than emotional. But, it's sappy-nice no longer. I remember a chilling moment in early 1969, just before massive police squads hit the campus for the first time. The New Leftists had turned tough and mean, the tactics now paramilitary. It was a cold, grey evening and I was hurrying toward Doe Library, having just watched a band of New Leftists punch and kick a skinny boy who had tried to raise some dissenting points at one of their meetings. I felt sick. Suddenly, over near the kumquat grove, a dog began to keen in an hysterical, high-pitched way. A mangy Shepherd had a student backed up against a tree and was ripping at his legs. A large group of people stood around, unmoving, until a girl finally somehow managed to pull the dog away. "You gotta stand still," said one onlooker. "Probably kicked him," said another. "Poor dog," added a third.

Odd. For it seemed to me that just at the time the radicals became vicious, the dogs tasted human flesh. And discovered yet another delightful aspect of their freedom on campus. And Berkeley hasn't been innocent since.

Academic freedom for dogs? Exaggerated, sure, but symbolic. For it is the set of mind, the tendency to react in predictable fashions, the often ludicrous inability to make meaningful and sensible distinctions, which has made the university so vulnerable to the attacks of the new anarchists. This fuzzy inability to distinguish the significant from the absurd, in fact, might serve as a workable negative definition of the whole notion of academic freedom, a notion capable of infinite expansion under which the most aberrant ideas and actions can be sheltered from the community outside the academe. I'm going back to Berkeley this week. I wouldn't be surprised to discover that a cocker spaniel has been named Chancellor.

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John F. Kennedy College

An Unusual College

By Lawrence D. Pratt

The administration of John F. Kennedy College has its back against the wall. What is so unusual about that these days? Simply that not only do the students not have the President's office under siege, they are doing their level best to keep this small liberal arts college running.

This unusual drama is being played out on the rolling Nebraska countryside in the little town of Wahoo. Kennedy College is not on the federal dole, it has no alumni support since it has been operating only a few years, it has no large endowments, and it is faced with an inherited financial burden that threatens to pull it under.

The students have not voiced the well-publicized romanticisms of the irresponsible and immature hippie and New Left types. They have not demanded irrelevant courses and phony departments. Such demands would be firmly rejected by the administration anyway. But the students have been actively involved in "doing their thing" to try to alleviate the financial crisis facing the college.

The most impressive endorsement of student support for the college is manifested in their own intensive efforts to recruit other students, where at Kennedy, tuition is vital if the school is to stay open. Other more familiar student activities, such as car washes and bake sales are undertaken for the sole benefit of the college. Students have even gone so far as to refund their own checks received in payment for campus jobs. The student body as a whole decided to do without a student yearbook, thereby freeing $6,000 of desperately needed funds. This in a time when student governments are financing bus trips to Washington for demonstrations and lobbying!

The students evidently believe that Kennedy College will continue, for they themselves have begun the financing of the student union building which they will build themselves--on a pay as you go basis.

As unusual as is the student body support of the college, even more unusual is the philosophy of education at Kennedy. According to this philosophy, knowledge is not just an endless stream of random dates and pieces of information. Instead, knowledge is seen as all related to a central point of view. Now, it cold be argued that most other universitities have a central point of view, but it has to be admitted that that view, is radically existentialist, nihilist, irrational--in fact, if not spelled out in the handbook.

The inspiration for the college's educational philosphy derives from the conviction that an educated man is not simply a walking, fact-filled computer. An education is expected to produce more than a technician. There are plenty of institutes to train technicians, but there are few colleges where a person can get a true education.

This kind of education can only be obtained in a true university. With a genuine academic freedom and balanced curricula, it is the hope of Kennedy College that the student will be able to get a true education. Among other things, this means that he will recognize the necessary interrelations between the omnipotent God of the Judeo-Christian faith and the unprecedented and unparalleled political freedom of Western societies. A student with a true education will appreciate the contribution to the preservation of this heritage made by America. Such a student will understand the theoretical underpinnings of the free market and see the connections between the unequalled productivity of this system and the political and social freedom of limited, constitutional government.

In short, a true education leads to the grasp of true individualism--an individualism based on the person whose sovereign is God, not man (or the state, or the environment, etc.). Such an individual plans his own future, and requires the most freedom possible consonant with an order which prevents this fallen creature from preying on his fellow man.

Such an individualism is a far cry from the "Now" generation's glorification of the complete and total maximization of individual self-gratification. A true individualism keeps a man from being deceived into confusing his daydreams of living on The Great Candy Mountain with the reality of life in a world of fundamental scarcity. In such a world, competition is inevitable; the question is how best to make that competition peaceful. Only an educated man can maintain a society in which this condition is most closely approximated.

A true education produces men who not only want to work within the system, but who realize why the system is worth working within.

The John F. Kennedy College aspires to offer that kind of education. No wonder the students want to help build that college, not burn it. □

Lawrence Pratt is a practicing *ontologist and encounter group* mullah of The Moon Mullins Study Group.

Great American Series

As for liberals...their function ought to be to provide new ideas, and they don't come up with any.

John F. Kennedy

A Freshman's Guide to Academic Survival

By Gary North

First of all, freshmen must realize that the University is a bureaucracy. The University's most important operational principle, like that of any bureaucracy, is self-perpetuation. There is no goal so large, no obstacle so great, that it cannot be sacrificed to achieve institutional permanence. Keep this in mind at all times: you are expendable; the system is not. Externally and officially, the function of the University is the one described half a century ago by the great German sociologist, Max Weber. **The University is supposed to weed out candidates for various bureaucratic positions.** The college degree grants a partial monopoly of employment to the bearer, which is why the Ph.D. degree is euphemistically referred to as a "union card." Its economic function is identical to a union card: the artificial limitation of a particular labor supply. The companies which hire people save themselves a lot of time and energy in investigating the capabilities of a large number of applicants, merely by limiting jobs to degree holders. Simple?

To view the University as anything more than a specialized institution for weeding out candidates for bureaucracies is to see it in terms of secondary goals--creating well-rounded citizens, expanding a body of knowledge which is a task useful in itself, preserving a great tradition of objective scholarship, etc.--that are really peripheral to the overarching task of getting through the system of examinations and obtaining a degree. You may get an education in the old, classical sense. You may also marry Raquel Welch's look-alike cousin, too. Don't count on either.

The sophisticated student may have already sensed the contradictory nature of the two goals of the University. One, self-perpetuation, is based on the ability of the system to turn out "qualified" graduates over long periods of time; this means that the school must produce graduates (i.e., people must actually stay here long enough to graduate). On the other hand, the system breaks down if too many applicants for bureaucratic posts are cranked out. This is what has happened to education departments in California colleges; there are too many degree holders and too few posts. The monopoly returns to the holders fall rapidly as the supply of applicants goes up. So the University must also restrict the supply.

With your survival in mind, I offer a few suggestions for your benefit. You must learn how to play off one University goal against the other.

Remember, you must maintain a C average to graduate. Even more importantly for most students, you must maintain a C average to transfer out. Before this quarter is over many of you will appreciate the importance of this fact.

The Secretaries

These people make most of the decisions which will affect your lives in a first-hand way. They run the school, as far as you're concerned. These all-important secretaries must either be placated or short-circuited.

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There is no middle ground. Some of them, I have been told, do like students (unlike all librarians, who invariably despise anyone who dares to fool around with the library's well-ordered bookshelves). Many secretaries, however, resent students as a bunch of young whippersnappers who think they know a lot, but have never had to operate a payroll computer, and who therefore don't know anything about life in the real world. As a result, most secretaries see their job as saying "no." **When in doubt, say no**; this is the secretarial equivalent of the Hippocratic Oath.

Now in most cases, you go to the secretary in the hope of receiving a "yes." When you get your "no," go back to the catalogue and look for a loophole. You probably won't find one; the secretaries are masters at "looking it up." In short, you're in the big league now; these are professional rules masters. You can talk with upperclassmen in search of an out. You may even get help from your advisor, or, better yet, from your advisor's secretary. There is no better aid in your war against one secretary than support from another. If you can't be nice to all secretaries, take at least one or two out to lunch per year. If you're a girl, ask them about their children once in a while. In general, though, good secretaries are like good Indians were for Custer.

The Deans

Deans usually see their job as keeping the system large, and preferably growing fast enough to enable the dean in question to hire another subordinate. The more subordinates a dean has, the greater his importance, and the more likely his chances for a promotion. "You can't be a four-star general in a one-star outfit," is the dean's guiding principle.

As a result, you are more likely to get a yes from a dean than from a secretary. A dean figures it's no sweat off his brow to say yes, especially the deans higher up the hierarchy. The farther away from you he is, the less threat you pose--thus, the less danger of letting you do what you want to do. The secretary fears making a mistake in the game of "looking it up" by saying yes to a no request; the dean fears a riot because of a hasty no. Keep this in mind. When a secretary says no, your best court of appeal is a dean.

When you dress for an appointment with a dean, it is best to wear an ironed suit, white shirt and tie; this will let him think you care about his opinion (which will impress him), and it may also let him think you have other alternatives and you might leave, thus making the campus smaller. The alternative to a suit is to make your request in paramilitary gear; that may let him think you have power. It's either super-Establishment or super-Marcusist; middle ground is impotent.

Deans also know something else about University rules: these rules are means of weeding out people seeking appointments with deans. You see, one creates a rule which a secretary can administer, usually by saying no; this will keep students out of one's office, thus making available more space for another secretary. Rules are primarily screening devices. They do for administrators what the University does for corporations, namely, weed out applicants. Bureaucratic rules are like pie crusts (paraphrasing Lenin), made to be broken, but only by administrators.

Teaching Assistanls

Everyone has an opinion about T. A.'s. Most people are wrong. A teaching assistant is to a professor what a secretary is for a dean. The only justifications for T.A.'s are the following: 1) they keep students out of professors' hair; and 2) they increase the size of the particular department's enrollment of graduate students, thus justifying an increase in next year's budget.

A T.A. must be humored, although not as much as a secretary. Go in and see your T.A. occasionally (not more than twice a quarter). Ask him about some vague, general problem related to his field. Don't get too specific; a T.A. is usually only capable of handling vague, general problems, or the problems generated by his latest graduate seminar paper. He will be flattered, since no one else anywhere in the University gives a hoot about what he thinks (understandably). Hang on every word he says. Above all, don't yawn. A yawn can be the academic kiss of death.

Don't take in an exam for upgrading until a week after it has been handed back. This will segregate you from the red-hots and the gripers, both of whom are plague to T.A.'s. He will imagine that you have become concerned with truth, and not just a grade.

If you are a good-looking girl, do not cut discussion groups. Your T.A., who is invariably lecherous unless a newlywed, will notice your absence. Men and "average-to-gargoyle" females may cut at will, although not in the first two weeks or in the last three weeks of any quarter. T.A.'s forget what goes on in between, as do most of those who bother to attend. As for your discussing problems raised by the T.A. in class, remember the words of King Solomon: "A prudent man concealeth knowledge; but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness." He won't know how dumb you are unless you tell him.

Professors

Full professors are like college presidents--they are usually harmless. They have already made it; they are probably not good enough to make it anywhere else. They have made their peace with the world. They tend to be tolerant of students, especially undergraduate students, since they seldom have any occasion to come into contact with undergraduates. Always try to deal with them if possible, especially the ones who are retiring after this year anyway. What have they to lose by saying yes?

Associate Professors and Assistant Professors are harder to categorize. Know your man beforehand. If you know that he has published a lot, you should dress in your suit. If he has been here for over three years and has failed to get his dissertation into print, wear your paramilitary gear; he probably is ready to blow up the system. This, of course, has reference to Assistant Professors. Associate Professors are really the hard-nosed people in the system. They all think that they have mastered the sweeping truths of their field (if not the world); simultaneously, they have been given tenure, so they don't have to prove they know anything to anyone. They are like Renaissance knights in a world without crossbows or gunpowder. Try to avoid dealing with them, for here is the arrogance of power.

Librarians

There is no way, no way, no way. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, saith the preacher. Join the library staff, if you want to get the rewards. You join this system; you cannot beat it.

Student Health Center

Calling this organization the "health" center is comparable to calling the central zone of Vietnam the "de-militarized zone."

The best advice I can offer the student in regard to the health center is simple: do not, under any circumstances, get sick. If you must, schedule your illness only the hours when doctors are available.

Then there is the diagnosis problem. It is especially bad for women students. For the women, any difficulty appearing in the anatomy below the neck and above the kneecaps will automatically be regarded as the result of a pregnancy. The burden of proof is with the student in these cases.

Miscellaneous Rules

Don't take classes from first-year professors. They are an unknown quantity, and the grapevine has not yet class-

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ified them. They are armed, and should be considered extremely dangerous.

Certain men in each department are pushovers. Find them and take their courses to satisfy your academic breadth requirements. Take breadth courses after the freshman year. If you're a math major, take "Math for Economists," then take "Math for Psychologists," and "Statistical Techniques for Sociology." That takes care of your social science requirement. Look around; you can always find some way out. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Don't ever cut language or math courses your first year. Get behind here, and it's all over. You can't catch up; the course work is consecutive, unlike the humanities or social sciences.

Sign up for one extra course each quarter, then drop the bummer of the bunch before the deadline.

If you can't think rigorously enough to be a philosopher or a scientist, and if you can't read fast enough to go through enormous piles of books (eliminating yourself, English and literature), you can major in history. If you can't write clearly enough to survive in history, there's a place for you in sociology. If you don't like learning personally, but don't mind watching rats learn, you will do well in the psychology department. There's a place for almost everyone. □

Porny Vampires

By Gary Wills

On 9 May, after Kent State, there was a giant anti-war rally in Washington. The marshals for that affair were more restrained than the formal sponsors of it, and they kept people like Abbie Hoffman off the platform. It was interesting, as I went around the edges of the platform, to see who had made it up there.

I got only one surprise. An elderly couple had smeared white protective lubricant on their faces, to keep out the sun. It gave them a blanched, stricken look, two death masks above black turtleneck sweaters. They were the swinging K's -- Dr. Kronhausen male (Eberhard) and Dr. Kronhausen female (Phyllis), agitators for free sex (and other things) who try to give an academic air to the intercourse-films circulated by Grove Press. They are doctored carney barkers and P-R specialists who get in front of any large crowd they can find. During the most militant speeches, K. male would raise a wispy arm, and wave a gingerly clenched fist. K. female kept edging into the circle that got the most attention -- which made for three studies in bralessness: Jane Fonda, molded close; Shirley MacLaine, overblown ("we ripe and ripe," said Shakespeare); Dr. Phyllis, pendulant ("and then we rot and rot").

I had last seen the K's when sent to an affair of theirs with a magazine article in mind. They were conducting a filmed "symposium" on one of New York's nude plays, with the dramatist, actors, and audience participating. It was a dreary assemblage, presided over by the K's, spidery in their tight black clothes and white, lifeless faces (which seemed almost as stark, in this dim theater, as under the protective masks they wore on the platform). They conducted the discussion with a zombie-like ascetic air of humorlessness.

The play was embarrassing, not only because it bared the actors in feigned homosexual rubbings, but because it left the author's talent exiguously naked, unashamed in its banality. He was a nice Southern boy trying to be Tennessee Williams on the gifts of a valentine versifier. The audience, which arrived in unisexual pairs, badgered him about his experience in the play's subject matter, and Dr. Phyllis sniggeringly abetted the questioners. Lesbians present objected that boy actors had exposed their genitals, while girls stripped only to the waist. Men were upset that the boys had no onstage erections. The Kronhausens understood these objections, yet defended the author's courage, genius, and liberalism (all three of which they seemed to treat as synonyms). Indeed, Dr. Eberhard exulted that the evening had been a return to the high days of the classical Greek theater, when plays were acted in the nude.

This was news to me, though I had spent over a decade of my life studying and teaching Greek drama. But K. male insisted that he had himself just filmed two authentic Greek plays done in the nude. When the symposium ended, I went up to ask what Greek plays had been filmed. The K's were in a hurry, and tried to mumble their way by me - but when I pulled out a press card, their cardboard faces became serene with helpfulness. They would be glad to tell me what plays they had filmed, but -- um-- they couldn't, at the moment, remember. Not even which playwright? Nope, not just now. But if I would leave my phone number with them . . .

Early next morning, Dr. Phyllis was on the phone, stumbling through a pretentious press release on the "authentic" performances -- which took place in a night club. The "plays" were actually skits put together from snippets of late Hellenistic and Empire-period eroticists. I could not get off the phone. Phyllis was lyrical about her thousand current projects -- e.g., the great movie she was making.

Even Hugh Hefner was in it. I said Hefner did not share some of her enthusiasms -- e.g., for homosexuality. "Yes, Playboy has a long way to go. Next to Evergreen, it is a gradeschool paper" (Evergreen is put out by Grove Press). And women's lib people hate Playboy. "Yes, they're right." (The women's lib movement has platforms Dr. Phyllis will want to edge her way onto.) "But at least

The Christmas Gift List That Was

According to our Eastern Bureau chief, Christmas 1970 was the most joyous Christmas of all. And in his prowlings about the country he has discovered that the following people received these concomitant gifts. At least Mr. Kristol hopes they received these gifts, as they surely were in need of them.

Richard Nixon - a success...some success...any success

Spiro T. Agnew - a few weeks of obscurity

John McCormack - an increase in Social Security benefits

Chet Huntley - three tons of horse manure for his boots

Charles Reich - the greening of America

America - the greening of Charles Reich

Jacob Javits - James Buckley

New York City - the abdication of John Lindsay

Richard Roudebush - a six-pack of beer and perpetual oblivion

Vance Hartke - the prospect of another opponent like Richard Roudebush

J. W. Fulbright - the New York Times "Man of the Year Award" for his courageous and consistent stand against non-whites in South Vietnam and non-whites in the South

Irrelevant things - a comeback

Presidential commissions - extinction

The intellectual community - all the common sense, decency, and humility it presently lacks (this is probably the biggest gift of all)

The United Nations - Communist China

Communist China - the United Nations

John Birch Society - tooth decay (due to their principled refusal to use fluoridated water)

William Rogers - a handkerchief to cry into whenever the Russians do anything naughty

Walter Hickle - an igloo

Israel - an ally, any ally

The Arabs - civilization, any civilization

Idealistic youth - a punch in the mouth

Pastimes such as "searching for a better world," "doing one's own thing," "moving to the beat of one's own drum," etc. - perpetual oblivion

The military-industrial complex - a public relations man

The F-111 - wings, or anything that will make it fly

All "concerned" adults and youth - a bridge over the generation gap (not for Teddy Kennedy's use)

Hugh Hefner - a surgical operation

Women's Lib - babies

Ronald Reagan - student unrest

High-minded public servants - low pay

The Gay Liberation Front - Puerto Rico

Kingman Brewster - a magic wand

Leonard Bernstein - Beethoven's Book of Etiquette

Eugene McCarthy - U. S. Ambassadorship to Tennessee

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis - wrinkles

The Defense Department - a grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity

Brezhnev and Kosygin - a thirty-second diplomatic parley with the Jewish Defense League

Edmund Muskie - four or five hundred I.Q. points

The Alternative -fame, fortune, and a salary increase for the Eastern Bureau chief

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Hefner has tried to keep policemen out of the bedroom."

The great movie she described is now out, being widely shown. You could not get me to it with a cattleprod; but Stanley Kauffman suffered for us and wrote a fine review in **The New Republic**. He tells how the "documentary" shows two subteen girls who oversee a lesbian act and imitate it -- a spontaneous and natural experiment, the K's say on the soundtrack. But how "spontaneous" was it, Kauffman asks, for these girls to be recruited, taught their roles in the "natural experiment," rehearsed in it, then told to perform it for the camera? Two zombies in the making.

Now I knew what the K's joyless preaching ardor, their enthusiasm without warmth, reminded me of -- Count Dracula's need to make converts, with a bite. Whenever I am told that the new sexual freedom expresses a happy, sane laughter and openness, I think of the Kronhausens on that platform, white masked creatures of night out of place in the air and sunlight.

Universal Press Syndicate

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Part II
A Conversation at the University Centers for Rational Alternatives

Courage has never been a virtue prominent in the American professor's repertory. In the Golden Days of Klannery and One-Hundred-Percent Americanism when the American Protective Association attempted to bring us together and anti-semitism competed in popular thought with nativism, most professors meekly followed the tides. Even as the bleak winds of Nazism began to howl through Europe the professors did not raise a very resonant hue and cry. Thus we should not expect many of our tweedy-coated tape recorders to act against the barbarians intent on destroying their university. When the more decent of our professors do take action to defend an open university they deserve the energetic support of all thinking students, whether conservative, moderate or liberal.

The University Centers for Rational Alternatives was founded by vigorous intellectuals like Sidney Hook who believe freedom and democracy are precious and worth fighting for. Composed of professors of many different political persuasions its members wish to preserve open universities and free inquiry.

From reading this second half of the interview with UCRA's executive secretary, Professor M. M. Todorovich, we hope you will gain an appreciation for their unique place in the contemporary struggle for the campuses and in American history. The first half of this interview appeared in our December issue. For information concerning membership in UCRA write, 100 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018.

THE ALTERNATIVE: Do you feel you are achieving the goals you set out to achieve?

TODOROVICH: Most emphatically so. First of all we gauge this by the kind of happenings that are going on as reported by the press and other media. When for instance Professor Ralph Bendix who is, I think, the out-going chairman or president of the American Sociological Association gave a speech a while ago and was quoted extensively in the New York Times about politics not having any place on campuses, his talk was almost "straight UCRA" as we jokingly observed here in the office. And that's a very pleasant feeling. I don't mean to imply that our writing influenced exactly the thinking of Dr. Bendix who is a good social scientist in his own right, but we think that we are in a sense giving the people a certain point of view of what we see as the most pressing university problem at a certain time. We can do this, because we are getting a continuous feedback from the campuses to this office. So, as I said, many of our good members--and if you read the letterhead of the organization it's almost like Who's Who of those who are willing to be heard and do something--are getting into the act, and they seem to be doing it because it's important to them. This is then one way in which we are getting to know that we are probably getting across and succeeding in getting our efforts amplified. The second way is through the kind of things people write to us--they send us copies of their local campus resolutions, tell us about things they are trying to do, and about their groups that became organized to do a specific job--all implementing some or all of UCRA's basic propositions. One very important case in point was the whole problem related to the so-called Princeton Plan, the two-week recess instituted at some colleges and universities for electioneering purposes. Now, you see, we are fully cognizant that the whole idea could be presented in a very pure way which may sound very commendable: let's give these students a chance to learn something about the election process and give them an opportunity to support the candidates of their choice! Yet, when we go over to the letters, to the clippings from student newspapers--don't forget student newspapers are mostly run by very militant if not even extremist groups so they reflect their thinking--when we go through all available materials and find that many unversity facilities which are by law tax-exempt have been given to a particular kind of very doctrinaire people to be able to run their one brand of views (which very often meant the suppression of all other views), then the whole affair--the Princeton Plan--exhibited a quite different practical appearance, and UCRA was--and is--very much opposed to this kind of midterm recess. Apparently agreeing with our Board of Directors, many of our member groups and individuals were--and are--actively working to rectify the situation. This is then another example of how we gauge, through action, the effectiveness of our organization.

THE ALTERNATIVE: What have you learned that will affect your future programs?

TODOROVICH: We have learned especially one thing: that because of the enormous number of psychological factors involved the progress is and will be much slower. Not overly difficult but just very slow. Different stages have to be crossed before a new positive stability can be achieved, and when I say stability I mean a peaceful, normal and regular development towards the further strengthening and widening of the educational process. And in that sense we had to learn that the development of rational alternatives, which we thought would at this stage be a much bigger part of our operation, will have to unfold in a much slower way. We are quite unhappy because of that. On the other hand we have to realize that this is how things are and that trying to jump ahead too soon may prove counter-productive. First you must almost follow certain events. People have to see and learn from what is taking place on their home ground. What happened at University A is only partially profitable to people in University B unless they experienced at least a certain degree of disruption. So there is need for the faculties to experience a certain degree of turmoil before its enlightened elements within or without UCRA can hope to become really effective. The educational process is much longer and slower than we have anticipated and this lesson which we learned the hard way is indeed affecting our future programs.

THE ALTERNATIVE: As Oscar Handlin recently said in **Encounter** there seems to be a lack of a professional code for professors. Do you think this is true and do you think perhaps UCRA will be trying to establish or to promote a code?

TODOROVICH: Oh yes, and I may only add that it will come and perhaps is already in coming. I know of some professors--it's a mixed group of UCRA members and non-members in the California region--who are trying to produce precisely something like a code. It would be wrong, you see, for us here in New York to sit down, scratch our heads and invent such a code. It has to come from the grass-roots level after, of course, a lot of preliminary informational exchange. Then as soon as, anywhere in the country, such a program becomes a codified reality, UCRA will do its best to disseminate the necessary information. If the newly formulated code survives the first wave of criticism we may even suggest that it be officially adopted and so on. Most definitely there's a need for such a code which--let me point this out--would probably in retrospect represent nothing terribly new, something that was not known several hundred years ago. It will

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probably incorporate the basic tenets of academic freedom, and with this the conduct of teachers conducive to the maximizing of the academic freedom. However every age needs the restatement of the basic principles of existence and conduct its own language and this is probably what Professor Handlin meant when he wrote his statement. In other words we need in the language of the latter part of the twentieth century restated some of the eternal truths. They must be related of course to the realities of the present social and economic situation.

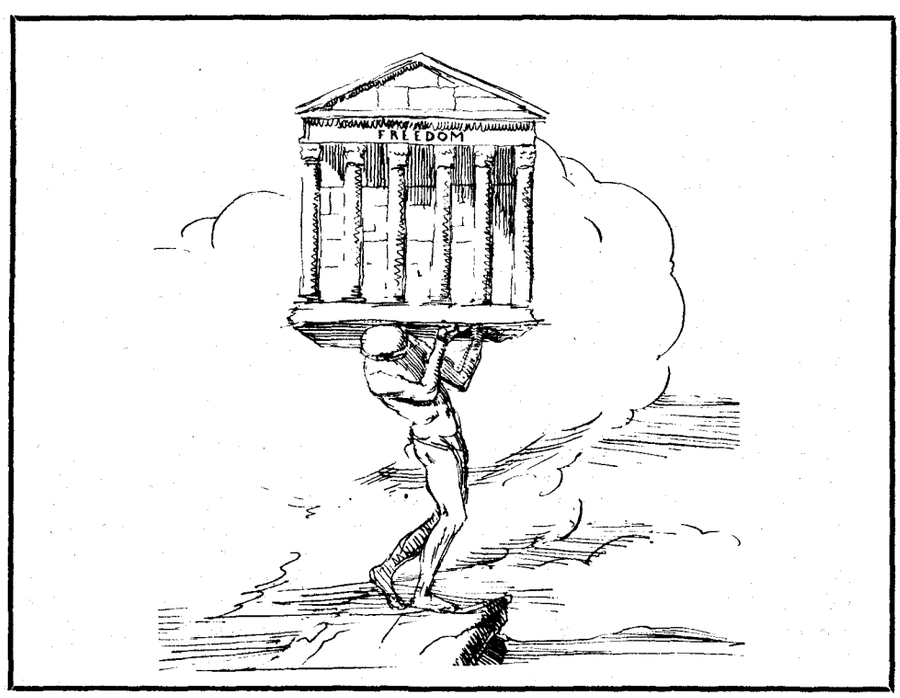
THE ALTERNATIVE: Do you expect much more violence on the campus this year?

TODOROVICH: Here I'm sorry to say that we still have to be quite pessimistic. Violent actions may happen among other reasons, because in many respects we think things will start to become better. Let me explain this apparent contradiction. We know that in many places in the United States certain extremist groups and radical groups hoped to continue this fall exactly where they left off in June. Now before I continue with the narrative, let me elaborate upon my reluctance to use the word radical as a blanket political label. You see, I was raised in an atmosphere of a European university where the word radical had as good and noble a meaning as the word liberal or the word conservative--where they were not freely flung as labels pinned by opponents onto their adversaries, but were well-thought out names characterizing certain movements and certain ways of operation. And all these were within the context of democracy. So in that sense it may be very wrong for me to associate indiscriminately radicals with extremists. Perhaps I should improve my classifications by saying radical-extremist as opposed to conservative-extremist! In the same vein I always hesitate to use the word student as in "student demands" or "violent student-faculty confrontation." Violent students and demanding students are a minority--a tiny minority of the general hard-working student body. . . .

Having clarified these semantic nuances let us return to the explanation of the apparent contradiction. As I said earlier, when militant group members came back to the campuses they believed they would continue exactly where they had left off in June. And they worked hard for that. There were many places in this country where incoming freshmen met not the usual orientation committees but very carefully structured militant committees. For example at Georgetown, where such a committee couldn't have it in its own way, it stole official stationery and sent (after somehow getting the home addresses of all the incoming freshmen) to all incoming students, prior to their arrival, batches of politically biased literature. And in their frame of reference these militants thought that come the first day of classes they would continue just where they stopped last spring. Such extremist hopes failed to materialize. First of all, when a student body returns from vacation it is not in the mood to go for various assorted kinds of lunacy. Second, because many aspects of student turmoils propagated downwards to the high school level, numerous freshmen students who are now coming in to our universities have had some experience with this kind of "movement" and reach the university scene in a much more realistic mood. Students three or four years ago coming from a completely uneventful high school atmosphere were easy prey for demagogues descending on them from the protected sanctuary called University. The naive one is easy to manipulate but such is not the entering class of 1970. The mainstream of the student body is becoming much more mature and less influenced toward turmoil. Also the faculties learned very much during these years of trials and will not so easily be drawn into supporting--even passivly--certain moves and trends just because they look as a reflection of youthful idealism. Remember how just two or three years ago SDS was presented in the press and in TV as something almost good. But precisely because of this development, which we believe is all for the good and is very positive, we think that many of the militant groups may get more and more desperate (like the Weathermen) and that they may attempt to achieve by naked violence what they failed to accomplish by persuasion. Consequently before things become fully stabilized, before violence becomes completely discredited, such extremist desperadoes will commit some very unpleasant excesses during the school year, and troubles may start earlier than usual. Normally it is only in the late spring that things really build up. Now some of these lunatic groups--like the actions at the University of Wisconsin and elsewhere show--are willing to go to any length. Much of what has happened on our campuses has been generated by individuals whose beliefs border on lunacies and whose anarchistic tendencies are clearly pathological. The best that one can do is to try to contain such people from doing something truly horrible. There is not much there to be "understood" and they can hardly be persuaded because they are beyond the communicative stage.

THE ALTERNATIVE: Have the militants harmed scholarship in America and the future of the university?

TODOROVICH: I would not be too pessimistic about the future of the university. We found out from our own correspondence that there are truly hundreds and hundreds of excellent men and women in the university ranks of professors, students, and administrators and all that we need is that they be molded into an effective leadership of the future educational enterprise. The American higher education definitely has quite a future. However at the present time the actual scholarship, the actual learning process is greatly, greatly disrupted and this is so much more than the community at large has ever understood and appreciated. Let me just give you one simple example. The number of manpower hours that were wasted during the past few years just on walking from one conference to another is enormous. Go to Morningside Heights--the place where the big controversy about the gymnasium started. (Who still remembers the gym at Columbia?) What is now there? A barren piece of land which is not safe for the majority of people. It's a wasted piece of land serving neither the University nor the community. I am not saying here that the gym should have been built. My personal view on the matter is here quite irrelevant. The point I am trying to make is that the whole so-called "Columbia Rebellion" produced not a single solution for any of the causes that allegedly sparked the confrontation. The issues were simply under attack--used as reasons for turmoil. Consequently, no wonder that the faculties are just getting tired of running from one meeting to another, wasting an inordinate amount of highly paid professional time, and resolving nothing. A kind of campus cynicism is born. All this is very damaging, and I don't know of any school year or for that matter any fall in recent memory which could match the present one in reluctance and apprehension with which our teachers returned to their classrooms. This is disquieting and it is damaging. □



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There's No News Like Agnews

By John L. Kelley

In recent months America's full-time household word, Spiro T. Agnew, has junketed around the electronic village pronouncing the collective judgement of guilty upon the Radical Liberals: the "pusillanimous pussyfooters," the "nattering nabobs of negativism" and the "hopeless hysterical hypochondriacs of history."

From the ranks of his opponents came unmistakable laments of Dorian Gray's anguish. The events of the last thirty years have stripped the Liberal of any viable intellectual defense (at least by pragmatic standards); he is left with no clothes and now hopes to divert attention from his natural condition by charging Spiro with "low blows."

Mr. Agnew has refused to accept this definition of his campaign and for good reason:he is carrying on in the grand tradition of American political rhetoric. If rhetorical flourish has been on the decline in recent years, that should be cause for lament not for relief. In the past any candidate who couldn't whip up a three-hour fluff on the purple mountain's majesty wasn't worthy of election to America's most exclusive club, let alone to municipal dog catcher.

Should we today cherish less the great heights of past rhetoric merely because these are unstable times? Who shall ever forget the subtlety in Harry Truman's defense of daughter Margaret's wheeze? When confronted by the acrid estimate of a critical Washington reviewer, Captain Harry of "Battery D" deftly handled the situation, threatening the upstart critic with the impending necessity for "a supporter." Shall we purge from our minds the manifestations of HST's good fellowship? Remember Truman's proposed speech to handle the rail union strike? "Let's put transportation and production back to work, hang a few traitors and make our own country safe for democracy." What of his 1952 campaign warning that if Eisenhower were elected, 25,000,000 men would go jobless? Would Liberals for the sake of domestic tranquillity have us forego future gems of political sagacity? Perhaps, you may argue, I am giving the Democrats too much credit for inspired political commentary. Surely, you insist, the other side of the aisle, while admittedly not as charmingly dulcet, possesses a noted gallery. Right you are. Who could ever forget T.R.'s contribution to labor arbitration.

> "We shall guard as zealously the rights of the striker as those of the employer. But when riot is menaced it is different. The mob takes its own chance. Order will be kept at whatever cost. If it comes to shooting we shall shoot to hit. No blank cartridges or firing over the heads of anybody."

The sublimity of this pronouncement was exceeded only by T.R.'s major observation on the values of behavorial acculturation.

> "I don't go so far as to think that the only Indians are the dead Indians, but I believe nine out of ten are, and I shouldn't inquire too closely into the case of the enth. The most vicious cowboy has more pprincipal than the average Indian."

Charmed by the Vice-President's exhortations, some critics have observed that the V.P.'s rhetoric egged on the malcontents of Middle America to violent acts (such as their noted propensity for laying violent hands on Republican voting levers to cast them downward). One sagacious Delphine (a doctoral student in Things Bucolic at the University of Washington, I believe) recently asserted on a talk show in Mr. Agnew's presence that the VP was the greatest purveyor of violence in all America. Rising to all of his bestial splendor and ferocity, Mr. Agnew offered telling confirmation of the poor lad's point in his witheringly violent reply: "That just isn't so."

Either by comparison with the standards of contemporary statesmen or historical notables, Mr. Agnew's rhetoric must be adjudged compassionate.

Thomas Jefferson long cherished the letter addressed to him "You red-headed son of a bitch," but not all politicians could view the peccadillos of their fellow men with Jefferson's detachment. In 1798 the Federalist, Griswold, suggested on the floor that the Jeffersonian Republican, Lyons, had been cashiered in the army and compelled to carry a wooden sword. Lyons, a gentleman of the Irish persuasion, responded by spitting in his face. Griswold patiently awaited his chance; two weeks leter he attacked Lyons with a heavy stick as the Speaker was about to call the House into order. Lyons grabbed a pair of tongs and the two of them went several rounds much to the bemusement of their colleagues.

Later on Lyons joined with Griswold to oppose John Randolph on the settlement of the Yazoo claims. Much annoyed by a Randolph charge, Lyons, once again in the presence of his colleagues, rose to the occasion, thanking his creator that he himself had the face of a man and not that of an ape or monkey.

Randolph appreciated a good riposte as much as the next man and he was usually on the attack, as when he referred to Edward Livingston as "a man of splendid abilities but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks." Yet Randolph was more adept at giving than receiving. Once he threw a glass of wine in a fellow congressman's face, smashed the bottle over his head and attempted to administer the coup de grace with the bottle's remnants. All of which prompts the observation that we should take violence out of the streets and return it to its natural habitat--politics.

For the past forty years most Americans have willingly entrained for the heavenly city of the twentieth century philosophes. Yet recently some occupants of the sleeping compartments have been buffeted by troublesome disturbances. Abruptly awakened and provoked to observe the passing scenery, many have concluded that the exteriors don't seem to correspond to the environs of the liberals' heavenly city. Considering themselves railroaded, many Americans are demanding a change of trains.

Liberals have responded that theirs is the only route; any other direction leads back to the chaos of unregulated freedom. In short, Spiro's adversaries are intolerant of dissent which questions the eternal "verities." About these premises no conflict is permissible, for truly they are sacred and smelleth of antiquity.

Norman Mailer has offered some trenchant observations on this current demand to deny the intrinsic nature of conflict in life: "The impulse of the twentieth century seems to be a desire to make society run on rails. Anything may be tolerated, even Communism, provided that the dialectic is squeezed out of our nature...there is something in the center of our nature itself which resists any social directive that life be not complex, not perverse, not contradictory, not explosive, not full of ambush and reward."

"Not full of ambush and reward." This would seem to typify the Liberal's outlook. If the child cries, feed him. If the rioter loots, give him instant credit. Do anything necessary to avoid facing the reality that conflict is endemic to the body politic. Interpret dissent from Liberalism's credoes as a manifestation of the virulent strain of a diseased tradition which ipso facto represents the worst in man's character. In short, respond to all the "needs" of America's "disadvantaged" classes, while ignoring the sensibilities, prejudices and interests of the middle class.

As Seymour Martin Lipset noted in 1968, "political parties and communications media feel that it is more important to appear to discriminate in favor of the minorities than against them. The residual WASP need not be dealt with in this fashion since they do not react as a group."

So they may have thought as late as 1968, but more recent events including Wallace's showing in 1968, and the books of Kevin Phillips and Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg have clearly indicated that the Liberal-dominated consensus has collapsed--and they know it. Confused, uncertain of their future in either party, the Radical Liberals are grabbing at any stick that protrudes from the crushing waters carrying them to their downfall. With Agnew as their most visible target, they bludgeon him only, to their abject astonishment, to see him rise even higher in popularity. Assuming that the final stage of social perfection was near at hand and to be mounted via liberal dogma, they must adjudge as a blackhearted reactionary he who challenges the wisdom of the prophets.

Having politicized all aspects of life, and urged that all amelioration derive from the national political process, they insist that all rhetoric only engage in a dialogue about mere instrumentalities. When Mr. Agnew insists on a real dialectic, the Radical Liberal is incapable of rational response. Rarely has he been required to defend his position, as the lumpenproletareat, until recently has been uncommonly dazzled by his intellectual slight-of-hand. Like all stage performers. Old Man Liberal has begun to lose his

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touch. No longer is the mind faster than the mouth; no longer does the audience stand in awe of his rough and ready posysyllabicism: no longer do the masses salivate at the mention of "trade unionism." "economic royalists" and "red-baiters."

Yes, tragically today a liberal political rally no longer smacks of effusive confidence, but rather smells of a death watch. But alas, Liberalism, rapidly approaching senility, forgets its garrulous past and demands a one-to-one correlation between rhetoric and reality when bespoken by conservatives, while anything will pass as eternal veracity when presented by a liberal woofer. Of course this attitude is hardly surprising. For the past forty years the Democrats have had a near-monopoly on that superb stage-performer: the posturing politico.

From the populist antics of Huey Long to the bourbon politics of Norman Mailer, the Democrats have provided us with a marvelous sideshow which has made these two-year exercises in political indigestion go down easier, even if the end result was acute gastric distress. Something akin to seduction, although the end result is bastard politics, the getting there has been all the fun.

What has happened? Where are the contemporary liberal fun-makers? From where will the body politic receive its biannual dosage of laughing gas in the future? The Kingfish is long in his grave. Captain Harry of "Battery D" is reduced in his eighty-seventh year to slighting comments on the memory of his long-time antagonist, General MacArthur. And Old Beagle Ears ("wanta see my scar?") deposits in the Perdenales.

Alas, all the liberals have left is the White Tornado, George Corley Wallace, and he is something of a vanishing maverick. But the body politic cries out for relief; will no one answer its lamentations? Surely the political pantheon of prolixity is not completely vacated. Are there no bilious Solons left to delight the imagination of the homo-bucolic? If the political rally dies out due to lack of fodder, what communal rite short of war will remain? The condition is indeed serious.

Formerly the Saturday night fracas at the local temple of worship provided the citizenry with a sense of unity and participation in high purpose even if it was only their conviction by some latter-day Jonathan Edwards of sin worthy of hell-fire. Unfortunately, with church attendance declining, few arenas remain for an oral affirmation of the community's commonality. No longer may the community come together to pass their collective judgement of "Amen, brother."

What oral exercise remains for this symbolic reaffirmation of the bond between the individual and his society? Public hangings? No, there are too few of them to go around. Town hall meetings? Centralization has taken much meaning from them. All that remains is the political rally and it has been fast fading under the deadening influence of liberalism's identity crisis.

All of which is preface to the conclusion that far from intensifying polarization, Agnew's speechifying is increasing social cohesion by bringing groups together: some to say "Amen, brother," others to conclude "Lord Help Him, Brother." Either way, the result is a revitalization of an American ritual. The American liberal establishment, not understanding the signs of the times, has ranted and raved about a new era of McCarthyism--a charge so mindless that it suggests these liberals are losing their hold on sanity. In fact it was the liberal-left which sounded more and more apocalyptic as the campaign entered its final weeks. They have forgotten that the people have always enjoyed a good scrap--a good show, involving a certain amount of over-blown rhetoric delivered with gusto.

Politics has always manifested something of the character of an old time melodrama, with stereotyped characters which the audience could hiss or applaud according to their likes. Presently, it would seem, the conservatives have written the script and controlled the casting. A quick perusal of the reviews suggest that the conservatives are in for a long run. Which is not surprising because the Vice President knows that there is "no news Like Agnews." □

Dialogue

Liberal v. Conservative

By John Avey

Liberal: The trouble with you on the right is that you see communism as a completely evil thing that has to be fought your way and no other way. You tend to simplify a complex problem.

Conservative: The trouble with you on the left is that you see segregation as a completely evil thing that has to be fought your way and no other way. You tend to simplify a complex problem.

Liberal: Communism must be fought, certainly, but with reason and by taking into consideration all the subtleties and differences within the communist system.

Conservative: Segregation must be fought, certainly, but with reason and by taking into consideration all the subtleties and differences within the segregated systems.

Liberal: I personally find communism abhorrent, but I think we must recognize we can't do away with it overnight. It is here to stay in many parts of the world.

Conservative: I personally find segregation abhorrent, but I think we must recognize we can't do away with it overnight. It is here to stay in many parts of the country.

Liberal: The problem of communism demands different approaches depending upon local circumstances, historical background and the national interest.

Conservative: The problem of segregation demands different approaches depending upon local circumstances, historical background and the national interest.

Liberal: You want to solve the problem of communism by force. But you can't kill an idea with coercion.

Conservative: You want to solve the problem of segregation by force. But you can't kill an idea with coercion.

Liberal: Why don't you feel the same way about segregation?

Conservative: Why don't you feel the same way about communism?

Liberal: I think they are two entirely different problems. Communism is after all, not a domestic problem.

Conservative: I think they are two different problems. Segregation is, after all, not an international problem.

Liberal: But segregation demeans hundreds of thousands of fellow Americans.

Conservative: But communism demeans hundreds of millions of fellow humans.

Liberal: But you just can't say "communism." It means so many different things.

Conservative: But you just can't say "segregation." It means so many different things.

Liberal: You are too rigid fighting communism.

Conservative: You are too rigid fighting segregation.

Liberal: You have no compassion for the downtrodden in America.

Conservative: You have no compassion for the enslaved throughout the world.

Liberal: If only you wouldn't see the problem of communism in terms of good guys and bad guys.

Conservative: If only you wouldn't see the problem of segregation in terms of good guys and bad guys.

Liberal: The problem of segregation must be discussed in those terms.

Conservative: The problem of communism must be discussed in those terms.

Liberal: The problem of segregation calls for direct action even if that threatens the national status quo.

Conservative: The problem of communism demands direct action even if that means threatening the international status quo.

Liberal: No domestic peace is worth if it we have segregation.

Conservative: No international peace is worth it if we have communism.

Liberal: We must recognize segregation as an absolute evil and the President should make unequivocal, forthright statements of his feelings about it.

Conservative: We must realize Communism is an absolute evil and the President should make unequivocal, forthright statements of his feelings about it.

Liberal: We don't care whose toes are trodden upon. Segregation must go.

Conservative: We don't care whose toes are trodden upon. Communism must go.

Liberal: Even if our life as a nation is torn asunder, segregation must go.

Conservative; Even if our terrestrial life is torn asunder, communism must go.

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Liberal: I'm glad I'm so committed.
Conservative: I'm glad I'm so committed.
Liberal: Conservatives are so wishy-washy on segregation.
Conservative: Liberals are so wishy-washy about communsim.
Liberal: They oversimplify...
Conservative: They oversimplify...
Liberal: They glorify quick solutions...
Conservative: They glorify quick solutions...
Liberal: Thank God I'm not like them.
Conservative: Thank God I'm not like them. □

Cover Story

The Journey With Senator Jim Buckley

By Arnie Steinberg

The idea of toiling long hours in a political campaign simply to give New York voters a choice might interest the Good Samaritan, but not me. Asked in May to become involved in James Buckley's campaign for Senator, I reacted skeptically and without enthusiasm. But because two people for whom I held enormous respect, F. Clifton White and David Jones, were seriously considering the effort, I reasoned an adventure in New York politics might not be totally preposterous.

Clif White, who brilliantly managed the campaign to nominate Barry Goldwater, was a native of New York. Before emerging as a political strategist of national stature and a public affairs counselor to elected officials and corporations, White had been a political activist in New York State. Here was his chance to again attempt the impossible--but this time in his political backyard. Dave Jones, who simultaneously served as executive director of the Young Americans for Freedom and the American Conservative Union, was eager to apply his organizational expertise to the most challenging circumstances he had encountered in his career.

When I arrived in New York City on 3 June, precisely five months before James Buckley would be elected United States Senator, I pessimistically reflected on the improbabilities. A third-party candidate with no prospect of adequate campaign financing had to convince over two million New Yorkers to cross party lines and vote for him. On the other hand, one recent poll stood out in my mind--nearly two-thirds of New York's voters thought of themselves as either "conservatives" or "moderates." I recalled this statistic from fifty pages of detailed findings by a "survey of political attitudes in New York State"--a poll commissioned by Clif White.

If you ever have something exciting to do in New York, take an Eastern Airlines shuttle from Washington; your enthusiasm for the project will be significantly depleted. The cab ride from La Guardia Airport to Manhattan was what I expected and usually experienced. The cab driver complained about the city, poor tippers and the traffic. I was tempted to remind the cab driver that traffic is always poor, but--alas--the safest policy is not to engage the cab driver in conversation at all--unless you are taking a poll. During June and July I sought the opinion of every sort of New Yorker above the age of twenty-one. Cab drivers do talk to a lot of people, and I used to ask them about the Senate race. Most confused Jim Buckley with his brother Bill, and this could be an advantage or disadvantage. Most associated the Senate race with Goodell, the incumbent, whom they termed a "turncoat" (the highest-rated word in the word association part of Clif White's poll), and Richard Ottinger, who had won the Democratic nomination as a result of his charm, good looks, position on issues, accomplishments, charisma, brilliance and logic, and a campaign budget of $1.8 billion. Ottinger's opponents suggested that all the factors except the last accounted for about 10 per cent of his votes.

I remember 23 June as a particularly melancholy date. I watched the election results of the Democratic primary. All the television commentators speculated on a Goodell-Ottinger race. The next day one commentator did acknowledge a third candidate, the Conservative Party nominee, James Buckley, (chosen by party convention), but the TV pundit, shrewdly perceiving the irrelevance of Buckley to the November election, forgot his name.

Buckley called me the next day from Israel (he had stopped there on his return from Southeast Asia). I told him Ottinger won, and that things were going as well as could be expected (the initial campaign costs were being financed by a loan). I didn't tell him about those television commentators who left me so discouraged. But perhaps that was because I was no longer discouraged, but angry. Now, by Labor Day when the campaign would officially begin, we must convince the news media that this was a serious campaign, meriting coverage equivalent to our two opponents.

By mid-August our full headquarters was set up (6,000 square feet, instead of the two-room suite used during the summer). About thirty key staff members had been hired. Loads of campaign materials had been ordered, printed, shipped. County organizations were beginning to function. A modest television campaign had already begun. By Labor Day, all the prerequisites for a precision campaign were in evidence. A summer publicity build-up (including scores of personal interviews between the candidate and newsmen, and meetings with editorial boards of over twenty newspapers) had set the stage for the eight weeks of intensive campaigning ahead.

Goodell was not taking us seriously. But then, we were not taking him seriously. All our soundings and polls told us that he was running third with us second. But funds were coming in too slowly, and it would be mid-October before Buckley could overtake Ottinger. (Much of our eventual war chest of $1.7 million did not come in until October, and substantial amounts were not in until the last ten days of the campaign.)

Now Ottinger was taking us seriously. Reaching a high in the summer polls of about 44 per cent, he learned that Buckley was rising fast. Though still a distant second, Buckley had the momentum. As Buckley gained, Ottinger became desperate, characterizing Buckley as a nutty right-winger who would drop nuclear bombs (in the Senate?) and condone the bayoneting of innocent kids.

Anyone who says such things about Jim Buckley can only lose ground. Not simply because such things are untrue, but candidate Buckley never sounded nor looked like an extremist. Even-tempered and easy-going, Buckley has all those qualities rare in politicians but abundant in decent people. He is modest, soft-spoken, a good listener, and a straightforward, open person. If you didn't know Jim Buckley, you wanted to meet and know him. And if you knew him, you wondered why such a nice guy was taking time away from a delightful family for politics.

Buckley was himself during the campaign. He read what he signed, and read what somebody wanted him to say, and modified and approved statements attributed to him. He never said what he did not want to say. He chose to concentrate on three issues which concerned him and which also concerned New Yorkers: crime and civil turmoil,student unrest and the drug problem. These were the issues with which the candidate identified, in his statements and press releases, in his brochures and campaign material, in his newspaper and television advertising and in "The Speech"--the basic text he used throughout the campaign.

Early in a typical address he defined the challenge:

"Either we will take hold of our destinies and restore common sense to our public affairs, or we will see this great republic slowly strangled by the bureaucratic webs we have spun around our lives. . . or destroyed by violence and intimidation."

The personal reason for his candidacy began to become apparent:

"The headlines bear almost daily witness to new breakdowns in the system of order and self-restraint, of civility and mutual respect without which freedom cannot survive." Then came the statistics, for example: "more than 4,500 bombings of private and public buildings in the past eighteen months" or "more than forty American policemen killed by snipers and bombers this year alone" or "more than three times as many New Yorkers killed this year by overdoses of heroin than by the enemy in Vietnam."

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Jim Buckley is himself the "average American," and he told the audience: "Small wonder that at some point during the last few years, the average American has suddenly experienced a shock of nonrecognition." Finally he intoned the transcendent issue, symbolized by the campaign symbol (the American flag), of faith in America and a restoration of stability: "I intend in this campaign to speak for those millions of New Yorkers--that great majority of New Yorkers--who will not stand by and let the wreckers go to work."

The campaign destroyed many myths and negated many arguments, among them the following:

1) Third-party candidates are spoilers, not winners. (See the results.)
2) Our campaign could not convince large contributors or many smaller ones to support a third party. (Over 45,000 individuals contributed over $1.6 million.)
3) Blue collar workers will not support a conservative candidate. (In 1968 less than five per cent of this group supported Buckley, when he ran as simply a "choice" candidate. In 1970, running quite obviously to win and appealing to workers' concern for "social" issues, he received nearly 40 per cent of the blue collar vote.)
4) Young people support liberal candidates, Buckley had thousands of youthful supporters, especially evident election night. He had a young staff and more youth workers than his opponents.)
5) The news media will not treat a conservative candidate fairly. (Buckley received fair and complete news coverage.)
6) The campaign could not compete organizationally with Republican and Democratic campaigns. (Over the summer a county-by-county organization based on the Conservative Party, some Republican leadership, and independent support, was structured for the fall campaign. Thousands of volunteers were effectively recruited and put to work.)

In retrospect, the analysts have depicted Buckley's victory as simply the appeal to one set of voters (Conservative), while the other two opponents split the remaining (allegedly liberal) vote. But if candidates were elected on the basis of what they believe and how they will vote, does anyone really believe we would have a Congress full of socialists who keep raising taxes, bringing government intrusion into our lives?

Neither Goodell nor Ottinger ever stated what they and most liberals directly favor, or what always results from their ideas: higher taxes, greater inflation, less individual freedom, a further stifling of private initiative, and additional constraints on the most efficient tool of social progress, the free market. Instead, they project themselves as benevolently inclined, and the conservative candidate as anti-progressive.

Thus, all those in the Buckley campaign realized that it did not matter that Ottinger and Goodell were simply liberal and generally alike in philosophy, it was more important that voters understand this to be the case. Polls might show most people in accord with basic views of candidate Buckley, but the real poll on 3 November would reflect the degree to which voters understood this fact.

The need to communicate certain essentials in a brief period of time requires substantial media spending (in our case, $750,000). Again and again, the candidate appeared in 30-second spots succinctly and unequivocally repeating his positions on crime or campus unrest. The issues impact of the spots became increasingly apparent as the campaign continued, since the identification impact is achieved substantially during the initial exposure.

Before the campaign it is estimated that twelve per cent of New York's voters could, during the summer, identify James Buckley as a candidate for United States Senator. By election day, about ninety-five per cent of New Yorkers could do so. Hearing these facts, Buckley remarked after election, "Yes, I bet that's right. I tried to do some Christmas shopping, but everybody kept stopping me to talk, and I couldn't get anything done!"

James L. Buckley being sworn in as New York's junior Senator.

October 1970 is a time I shall always cherish, for it was in that month that the liberal ideologues realized that Buckley might win. After the first Daily News poll (ten days before election), hysteria pervaded the liberal community. The bosses of the labor unions were in a state of shock--New Yorkers were about to elect a Senator without approval of big labor. Moreover, in a three-man race for Senator, two of every five union members were supporting Buckley. Thus, although the union bosses could commandeer a part of the workingman's wages as union dues, and compel workers to join such unions, they still could not tell him how to vote.

Then there was that segment of the Republican Party supporting Goodell for the reason that he was running on the Republican ticket. These were the Mickey Mouse Republicans (they would vote for the Republican candidate even if he were Mickey Mouse). They placed the prestige of the Republican party above God, principle, issues or individuality. These are the people, political scientists tell us, who stabilize American politics.

These were the people who, in New York State, would have voted for Buckley if he had run on the Republican line in a two-man race with Richard Ottinger. They would have voted for Buckley as their counterparts would have voted for Ottinger, on the basis of party loyalty. But the net result of people acting out of higher motivations (independents and many Democrats voting for Buckley) would have dictated a Buckley victory (with about fifty-four per cent) over Ottinger in a two-man race.

There is something about Buckley's election which cheers the American spirit. Not just that he asserts a particular faith in America and a loyalty to the importance of the individual, but his election suggests that a movement may precede the pundits.

When Newsweek telephoned repeatedly just prior to the election regarding post-election interviews, I felt like saying, "Why interview Jim Buckley after Tuesday when your magazine has flatly predicted an Ottinger victory?" The experienced political workers staffed the other campaigns; we chose bright, able workers who could get the job done. The established Madison Avenue agencies handled other campaigns; we chose a new group which became an ad agency for the campaign. Paid advance men worked for other candidates; we had volunteers who were trained by a former Nixon advance man, who volunteered his own time for our campaign.

I really have no urge to tell anyone, "I told you so." But the recollection of the Republican office-holders and party officials who lacked the courage to endorse

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Buckley, the well-heeled potential contributors who lacked faith in the campaign and refused to support it, these memories persist--because the most cynical and skeptical suddenly become friends once the votes are counted. Lacking grace or integrity, they would never acknowledge their pragmatic acts of sabotage, nor the helping hand they might have offered when the going was tough for the candidate and his campaign.

These people may leave later if the going gets tough, but one candidate, Jim Buckley, won without them, and in spite of them. In a very real and tangible way, measured by vote totals on the television screen election night and confirmed by his certification of election, Jim Buckley reaffirms the traditional American drive and spirit. As irrelevant as serious philosophy and high principle seem to be for politics, they play the crucial role in motivating the most successful campaign supporters. That someone who never held elective office was elected United States Senator from New York testifies to the growing wisdom of voters. The farther from government, the more likely is someone to have that healthy skepticism of new government programs which never solve problems, but only aggravate them and create new ones. So who says New York is in the grip of terror? □

Arnold Steinberg, former editor of THE NEW GUARD, *the national magazine of Young Americans for Freedon, served as press secretary during the Buckley campaign. He is currently Special Assistant to Senator Buckley.*

Sex Torture Boards and the Law

By Michael McCollum

The forces of progressive education received a devastating blow recently in Indianapolis, Indiana when the puritanical police force arrested a Mr. X (we do not want to give the man any more publicity) and charged him with kidnapping and assault and battery with intent to commit sodomy. Mr. X is presently Director of News Services in the Indiana State Teachers Association. Previous to this he worked in Public Relations with the Indiana Democratic State Central Committee. At one time he also worked as a TV news reporter.

The police apparently went into action after hearing a complaint filed by one of Mr. X's recent house guests, a young Federal Job Corpsmen who shall remain anonymous. The Corpsman claimed that he was visiting the local Greyhound bus station when he was approached by Mr. X and invited to his home for a beer. The Corpsman drank the beer in the company of Mr. X and a friend described as "about 6'2" and 220 pounds." When he got up to leave, however, the two men grabbed him, chained him to the basement staircase, stripped him, photographed him in the nude and molested him. After spending the weekend as Mr. X's "guest," he managed to escape and went to the police.

Being the curious brutes that they are, the police decided to visit Mr. X and observe his hospitality suite for themselves. (I think it is safe to assume that they went in force as this wasn't the kind of case in which police customarily send an undercover man.) While searching the premises they found such modern conveniences as a "sex torture board," complete with leather and spikes, pulley-type belts and heavy chains with locks. They also discovered four boxes of nude photos of men being tortured and committing lewd acts (party contributors no doubt), a sack of heavy chains, locks and a tube containing a red liquid marked "Vampire Blood." (And we thought Republicans practiced the "politics of fear.")

By the middle of the week Mr. X surrendered himself at the police headquarters protesting that he was not guilty because of "extenuating circumstances." It seems he was merely trying to teach his unfortunate guest to read. Said Mr. X, "The boy cannot read nor write and I felt sorry for him. You can ask him if I did not spend Sunday trying to teach him to read." A sex torture board may indeed be a source of considerable motivation to most people but the police still insisted that the whole affair amounted to attempted sodomy and even hinted that more charges may be forthcoming! (Having no formal training in progressive education I feel unqualified to pass judgment on Mr. X's technique but I will say that I am glad to have obtained my education in one of Indiana's famed little red schoolhouses.

Regardless of how one views the affair, it would seem apparent that the Job Corpsman did indeed receive quite an illuminating education and as the liberals have long told us that's all that really matters. The young man is now back at his Training Center, and it is rumored that he told Mr. X before leaving that he just dreaded those multiplication tables.

Meanwhile the Democratic Party is said to be furious, charging that the whole raid was an attempt by the Republican Administration in Indianapolis to uncover party secrets.

The Indiana State Teachers Association has made no formal comment. An insider reports that several members still don't endorse such teaching aids and have spiked every attempt to reach a consensus.

Mr. X's future seems rather uncertain at the present. The John Birch Society is said to control the PTA's in Indiana and he might have to throw himself on the services of some big Eastern lawyer like Herr Kunstler. At any rate Mr. X is sure to get many offers from TV networks, book publishers and movie makers. Maybe the party will even take him back. Since he is so interested in the educational process he is more likely to take to the lecture circuit and possibly do a series of essays on radical education for the **New York Review of Books.**

If there is a message in all this it would seem to be that we need to educate our policemen. I must admit that it is a source of great disappointment to me though. Since I will have children in school in a few years I was sort of looking forward to helping with the homework. But with the New Math, Freedom Schools, and now this, I am afraid I won't be of much help. I guess I'll just have to sit back and be satisfied that at least my child is receiving the benefits of a progressive education that was never available to me. □

Michael McCollum is a Senior in the Indiana University School of Business and research assistant in I. U.'s Kinsey Institute.

Our Western Fruits

The Kumquat Statement

by John R. Coyne, Jr.

Cowles, 5.95

"...a university is a place of con-course, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge...It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen...in which inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries verified and perfected and rashness rendered innocuous..."

John Henry Newman, 1856

Many classes didn't meet and those that did were sparsely attended, mostly by people who insisted that the professors talk about racism...Students, ex-students, nonstudents, dogs, New Leftists, hippies, street people, bums, Berkeley high schoolers, perverts, pickpockets, TV camerman, lunatics, tourists,professors--the typical campus crowd--several thousand of them, filling Sproul Plaza from Bancroft Way to the Kumquat Grove, milled around waiting for Cleaver.

John R. Coyne, Jr., 1970

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From Newman's idea of a university to the Berkeley uprisings of the late nineteen-sixties is little more than a hundred years--and little less than catastrophic. If there is anyone disciplined and concerned enough to write history one hundred years from now, John Coyne's **The Kumquat Statement** will serve as an excellent source--indeed, perhaps the best source--

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from which to re-create the decline and fall of the American University.

Coyne, now an associate editor of **National Review**, was a graduate student at Berkeley during the late sixties when paranoid leftism, liberal schizophrenia, drug-induced frenzy, do-it-yourself fascisn, Marxist-Leninist ideology and old-fashioned incompetence and cowardice (on the part of the administration and faculty) combined to make Berkeley an intellectual and moral disaster area.

He tells his story more in sorrow than in anger (although he has his angry moments) because he loves the Berkeley area and he has sympathy for students who suffer the indignities of a multiversity education. He knows that the big universities do not--and probably cannot--educate a person in any way recognizable as human. From teaching assistants to computers, from bored lecturers to jargon-mad administrators, the average student at a big university is, day by day, treated like an object.

It is, therefore, the supreme irony that in reaction to being treated like objects, many of the Berkeley students sided with the fanatics of the New Left--who, of course, also treated them like objects. These students, it would seem, exist only to be manipulated by those who either don't believe in anything at all (the liberals) or who do nothing else but believe (the New Left). It is a frightening picture, something out of George Orwell with just a touch of Kafka for good measure.

The Kumquat Statement is one of those rare books about the American campus: it is written by a man who is a conservative (and therefore is free of the superstitions that hamper liberals who write of campus life), an ex-graduate student at Berkeley (he saw it all at close range) and one hell of a good writer. He is delightfully merciless in depicting the inanity of the liberal community. My favorite line in the book comes after a description of a workshop held by something called the Women's League for International Peace and Freedom. After the usual rhetorical excesses calling for an end to realism "...**the panelists sat down to a good-middle-class box lunch. With soft drinks.**" I can well imagine that at the Second Coming liberal academics will greet the Lord with a panel discussion entitled, "Why is God Repressive" which will be topped off by a box-lunch. With soft drinks.

Coyne feels he has seen the educational future--and it doesn't work. There is an undertone of tragedy throughout the book and it is a tribute to Coyne as a writer that the tragic vision comes through even when he is at his satiric best, for this is essentially a serious (though never solemn) book. He grieves for himself and his children, for his crushed dreams of a scholarly life and for what his children will have to face when they go to college. But most of all he grieves for the idea of a university, "a community of scholars in which a realistic concept of academic freedom is the guiding principle." It is an idea he saw trampled upon, not only by raving fanatics of the New Left but by essentially decent professors and students who simply did not know what they were doing or why they were doing it because they had never, never stopped to think of what a university should be.

There is very much to praise in this book, not the least of which is Coyne's refusal to play Herr Doktor Philosopher. He doesn't try to fit the Berkeley catastrophe into a philosophical or ideological system. He doesn't explain it as being "representative" of some spirit of the times. He simply tells what happened and this telling, in lucid, unadorned, straightforward American prose does more to inform the reader of what is happening in America than a dozen essays on Consciousness One, Two and Three.

The Kumquat Statement is then an invaluable piece of reporting and an admirable work of personal history. And, perhaps, most important of all, it is the introduction of a fine young conservative writer to the reading public. □

John Avey

Our Eastern Fruits

Push Comes to Shove

by Steve Kelman

Houghton Mifflin Co., 2.95[paper]

If you are among the few people who, through the exercise of superior restraint, have been able to ignore the flood of books--I almost said literature--on the problems of our universities, I want you to take a simple test.

Suppose you heard a book described as "a travesty," "hysterical," "bizarre rantings," "tainted with personal bile," "disgusting," "improbable," and "whining"?

Interested? Now suppose I told you that the above quotes came from a review of **Push Comes to Shove** by that venerable paragon of good sense, the Harvard **Crimson**?

If you're not the slightest bit interested by now, you've flunked the test.

Actually, the **Crimson** reviewer had good reason to choke on this book. Reviewers across the country, speaking in solemn tones from their enlightened towers, have panned this unexpected attack on the Pepsi Generation by one of its most perceptive members. They have been critical of author Steve Kelman because he has been highly critical of them; throughout his book he pans faddish journalists and others who continue to praise as idealists those young people who are embarked on a crusade to destroy civilization.

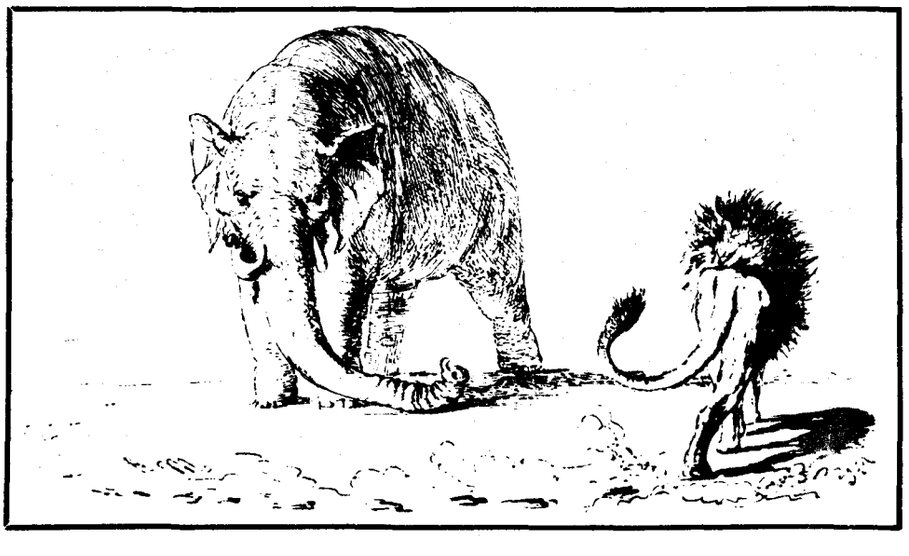
So the battle rages, and for once the lines are drawn on non-ideological grounds. It's not the same old carping between right and left, conservative and liberal; for once the issue is clearly between rationality and irrationality, without any political smog to cloud the conflict.

Steve Kelman is a democratic socialist, in the tradition of Norman Thomas, Sidney Hook and his friend Michael Harrington. He is the former national president of the Young People's Socialist League (PSL--prounced "yip-sil.") He is currently in Sweden studying European socialism and its possible economic applications in this country. If one were to meet him in the street, he would be easily stereotyped as a radical, complete with long hair and dungarees.

But Kelman is not at all typical. For one thing, he is intelligent (summa cum laude graduate, Harvard's 1970 valedictorian), and that quality is all too uncommon among our youthful radicals. For another, he is an excellent writer, one of the best yet to emerge from Our Generation. Most importantly, Kelman is a leader among a segment of the left which is rising in opposition to the unfounded premises, contorted reasoning, and vicious tactics of the political fanatics and cultural freaks who have taken claim to the title of "radical."

Radicalism in America has always walked the tightrope between respectability and social anathema. Sam Adams, Thomas Paine, Theodore Parker, and Henry David Thoreau -- considered extremists in their own time--have now been granted a place in America's social and political heritage. Even twentieth-century figures like Eugene Debs, John Reed (the only American buried in the Kremlin), the early Max Eastman and his compatriots on the **Masses** have succeeded in gaining a place in the American Hall of Fame, largely through the victory of the labor movement and time's slow dulling of antagonisms.

These radicals--even those who in the twenties and thirties became entranced with foreign utopias--have maintained a tenuous link with the American system. They berated it, and they worked through it. They prodded and cajoled, but very few ever tried force.



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When in the early sixties Tom Hayden and others founded the SDS and wrote the Port Huron Statement, they were attempting to rejuvenate a radical liberalism which had subsided in the fifties. During that bland decade only an occasional Norman Mailer and Irving Howe had attacked the complacency of Establishment liberalism. The founders and early members of SDS saw themselves primarily as revivers of the democratic, libertarian radicalism which has always been native to this country and a central part of our national experience.

Kelman outlines and explains the transformations which occurred in SDS and student radicalism during the latter part of the sixties, using Harvard as a microcosm of the national scene. From the Port Huron Statement (which even many libertarian conservatives found acceptable) to the present totalitarianism of our part-time revolutionaries, there is a definable trend.

As Kelman sees it, the "Movement"--SDS, Progressive Labor, and other radical factions--has given up all hope for broad-based reform in a free-wheeling, sensation-seeking, hedonistic plunge. They have come to project their own personal anxieties and fears onto the society at large, placing the blame for their own obvious inadequacies on the nation. Without purpose or sufficient education, they attempt to rid themselves of their pervading boredom by finding some meaning in the slogans of revolution. Rejecting reason and rational modes of behavior, they express themselves in terms of feeling and emotion (much easier for the undisciplined, uneducated or lazy mind).

Kelman argues that New Leftists are products of the white, upper-middle class which has sheltered them from bearing the normal responsibilities of life: "...Harvard students are, in a literal sense, irresponsible. That is, they are sheltered from facing the consequences of their actions. Normally people can see if they've made a mistake in a pragmatic way by seeing the results. This allows people to correct mistaken decisions. In the case of students, however, we act and others suffer for our actions." Students who are accustomed to functioning in a permissive vacuum naturally cry that no one listens to them--they cannot accept the fact that someone may have listened to them and disagreed, the political equivalent of a parent saying no.

The first portion of **Push Comes to Shove** consists of unedited sections of Kelman's diary during his first year at Harvard, 1966-67. It is a fine example of honest, poignant writing which conveys to the reader an understanding of Harvard and its environment not easily apprehended by non-Harvard students. Kelman's prose is arrestingly descriptive, lucid and precise, especially for a college freshman. His candor is revealing and instructive. Kelman's delightful expos'e of his own naivete's, personal hang-ups and prejudices enables the reader to feel comfortable and familiar in reading his views of external events and personalities.

(One may justifiably ask at this point, why is Harvard so godawfully important? As a Southern boy from a large, sprawling, football-dominated state university, my first reaction has always been a sort of reverse snobbery against our so-called elite schools. But let's face it: as our oldest, most prestigious university, Harvard symbolically nurtures trends which sooner or later run through our entire educational system.)

When Kelman gets started on the New Left, he refuses to let go. He analyzes throughout the rest of the book the events which occurred at Harvard from the acceptance by the faculty of **Social Relations 148** (a portent of the uneducational or anti-intellectural courses so popular today on our campuses) to the McNamara fiasco (in which free speech became "counter-revolutionary"), to the take-over of University Hall. Kelman presents a concise, cogent argument against the logical fallacies of the New Left, its growing disdain for the American people, and its final rejection of democratic politics. The radicals, he points out, having given up hope of gaining a majority of Americans, are now resorting to force as brutal and reactionary as the tactics of Hitler.

But Kelman does not concentrate so much on the radicals that he spares others from his sharp incisions. He points an accusing finger at moderates of all ideological leanings who refuse to decisively confront the New Left. Moderates have been "the key to SDS victory." Often they are simply unable to see that SDS means what it says:

WOBURN, MASS. Hernert D. White, 89, and bride, Mrs. Charlotte Rettig, 86, are married by Rev. Frank Bauer.

"What is psychologically very difficult to cope with is that our friends are potential executioners and commissars, or P-R men for the executioners and commissars."And he saves a few choice words for his brethren of the left: "In the romantic flush of our search for something better, we have been conned into becoming henchmen for cynical dictators."

Kelman also analyzes the cultural radicals, who have become associated with the political messiahs of the New Left out of their own need for self-fulfillment or pursuit of something to do:

"...the fundemental reason the alienated have entered politics is simply because politics is in the air. Political action is a new sensation, a new substitute for the old routines. But if the attempts to construct political explanations for personal problems is only a disaster of intellectual dishonesty, the actual acting out of these personal problems threatens direct disaster for the millions of people in the world outside who are threatened by the backlash to New Left antics."

I urge you to read this book, for as George Keller, former dean at Columbia, has said, "Not since George Orwell... has any truthteller from the left so deftly probed the anguish, pomposity, and easy inhumanity of some of his fellow leftists."

Now you may assume by the comments I have made that I consider Kelman some sort of saint. All I mean to say is that he has written the best book yet on student radicalism. He does have his minor flaws. Kelman writes almost too personally; he becomes involved in his subject to the extent that, by the middle of the book, one would like to ask him to maintain his composure and to preserve some sense of detachment. Of course, he was personally very involved at Harvard, and that makes writing about it all the more difficult. Nevertheless, I am slightly surprised that his comments on the Harvard **Crimson** only elicited a castigating review and not a libel suit.

Further, Kelman relies too heavily on Marxian class analysis and psychological explanations for the behavior of today's radicals. He does not attempt a political or historical explanation for the behavior of the extremists. If he did, of course, he might find--as Max Eastman did in 1940--that whenever radicalism of any sort is carried to its logical conclusion, it produces the antithesis of its initial goals. The fallacy may not lie solely with the peculiarities of our generation, but with the original premises on which the radical movement is based. As Russell Kirk has pointed out, a French Revolution will always end with a Napoleon.

My final criticism of Kelman is his commitment to socialism which seems to blind him to the historical indications mentioned above. This is merely a difference of opinion between Kelman and myself, and at this point it is a minor difference. Too often conservatives allow themselves to become intellectually sectarian so as to cloud their sense of perspective and cripple their political effectiveness. For the most part, we are still playing the little games which were so successful for William F. Buckley in the late fifties, puncturing the inflated balloons of liberal illogic. We are still living in a time when to encounter, ridicule and defeat (**veni, vidi, vici**) a liberal or radical is the highest intellectual achievement.

But times have changed. Let us not fool ourselves: the corner revolutionaries may look and act like freaks but they are dead serious, and they are playing for high stakes. They are successfully challenging the deepest values of civilized society.

Ideological purity is a pleasure we can no longer afford. Conservatives must join with others who believe in the preservation of restrained freedom and civilized order in a united front against the new barbarians.

Steve Kelman has written a book that could have a momentous impact on the present struggle, and we should be thankful for the addition of such a distinguished ally.

By Wick Allison □

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Slumming On The Right

The Politics of Unreason

by Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab
Harper and Row $12.50

This review of Messrs. Lipset and Raab's new study of right-wing excess will possibly astound and probably embarrass them, for I find the book instructive, useful and even amusing--in spite of the doleful truth that I am, according to Mr. Lipset's past dissections, a right-wing extremist. On the other side of the ledge I must enter my finding that the book is flawed by conceptual and grammatical slovenliness.

Opening with a closely reasoned, tightly written essay describing the lineaments of political extremism left and right, **The Politics of Unreason** bubbles on with some amusing and informative chapters chronicling moronic moments of extremism throughout the American pageantry. Unfortunately after the first half of the book a wave of statistics and behavioral axioms begins to crest sweeping the last quarter of the book's narrative into a turgid and chaotic swash of nonsense about the Birch Society and the Wallace campaign that crashes ashore with a final chapter, "Extremists and Extremism," which I found positively unintelligible. This is not to say that I oppugn the authors' judgments but rather, given the present structure of its narrative, I found their judgments fog-bound.

Nonetheless I unhesitatingly recommend the first half of the book, for in our present era of teeming political exoticism even the intelligent observer must occasionally be reminded of those perimeters of political decorum that in civilized times circumscribe democratic process. By meditating on the authors' standards of extremism and reading their chronicle of America's matchless heritage of kookery, you will prepare yourself for fuller enjoyment of such vestiges of vaudeville as today survive in evening news broadcasts. What is more important, you will be able to cast a man like Justice Douglas in just the right perspective when next he is discussed at your encounter group.

America's first fling at extremism occurred shortly after the raucous birth of the Republic. In those days extremists did not see spectral figures lurking about the President's palace or fashioning concentration camps for pop patriots; rather they shivered over Mr. Adam Weishaupt, the Bavarian kook, who in 1776 had founded a kind of anti-clerical think-tank, the Illuminati, which by 1785 had disintegrated from both its own balminess and the inducements of the Elector of Bavaria. The whole incident could not have appeared more remote to 1798's Middle Americano until one Jedidiah Morse, D. D. stepped to the pulpit and identified Mr. Weishaupt's deceased organization as a ferocious menace to their runt republic. Now the fever set in, and on 4 July 1798 Dr. Morse's thesis was sanctified by the eastern intellectuals.

Troubled by the intrigues of the Illuminati, President Timothy Dwight of Yale College unbosomed himself with the passion, eloquence and credibility which has become a hallmark with Yale Presidents, seeping right down to our era in the semi-lucid utterances of the distinguished Kingman Brewster. After Dwight's pronunciamiento no moral man could remain deaf to the problem of the Illuminati, and concerned citizens began to organize.

Apprehension over the fate of the American way of life continued to spread until by 1820 the anti-clerical Illuminati was recognized as the real power behind a clandestine alliance of the papist Society of United Irishmen and the Masons--an agglutination which for a certitude must have witnessed the liveliest doctrinal controversies. By the end of the 1820's the Masons had actually become such a threat that certain men of vision organized a political party, the Anti-Masons, to protect America from imminent doom.

The Anti-Masons featured several ingredients which consistently appeared in later extremist treats--most importantly the inevitable nexus between bossy, upper-class moralizers and the mob of lower-class hinds who carry their posters. In the 1820's the upper-class busybodies espoused a flyblown antielitism entrancing their lower-class votaries and obsessing them with the most imbecilic notions. The history of our recent Ninety-First Congress suggests the tactic has survived to this day. Another lingering characteristic originating with the Anti-Masons was their adherence to evanescing social and philosophical positions. Some were ancient Federalists, others felt themselves vanishing beneath the avalanche of European immigration, and still others were ill-advised opportunists eagerly mounting the "wave of the future."

In the 1840's and 1850's status anxiety combined with adventurism and ignorance to inspire organizations like the Native Americans and eventually launched the candidly named Know-Nothings. These organizations naturally included members who were aware of the activities of the Illuminati and the Masons, but an even graver threat now arose. The enemies of the Republic were now sending hordes of immigrant Catholics who prayed wrong, lived wrong and--by the way--voted wrong. Political campaigners were not above betaking of the extremists' conscientious citizenship and the authors assert that political parties characteristically pirated the more glamorous elements of an extremist group's program, leaving it to the administration of malefactors and incompetents.

Help Our Republic

To the Editor:

Is it possible for a young man who cares about his Country to find an institution more solid, an institution more dependable, an institution more symbolic of what is strong and good about our Nation than the U.S. Post Office?

For years, I have matter-of-factly taken the Post Office somewhat for granted as a dependable island in the confusing sea of governmental chicanery whose deceiving temple has been increasing in recent years.

With this background, I walked into our local Post Office last week to mail a Third Class parcel of printed material, and was advised by the postman at the window that he could not accept my offering without a zip code number on it. Based on my long held assumption that zip code numbers were mandatory only for Second and fourth Class mail, I verbalized that fact and reoffered my package to him. This time without courtesy, he rejected my offering and cavalierly waved me towards the zip "superbook" chained to the wall behind me.

My mounting anger was checked at that point by the apparently routine appearance of our local (and long time) postmaster in the cage area behind the impolite employee. Appealing to Mr. Ray Henry Schmidt by name, I requested his assistance. After hearing my rapid explanation of the controversy, he solemnly assured me that I was mistaken and that a zip code was mandatory for Third Class mail. Upon challenge from me as to the authority, he brusquely directed the postal employee to read to me the rule from the Postal Handbook--and then Mr. Schmidt slipped out of view behind the stacks of shelves.

With growing sheepishness and unable to meet my eyes, the employee fumbled for awhile through the Handbook and finally pushed it to me--as he also turned away--the Handbook opened to a page that read simply: "Zip code numbers are mandatory on 2nd and 4th Class mail, and are optional on 1st and 3rd Class mail."

My anger at this peice of personal fraud was exceeded only by my shock at the official deceitfulness practiced without apparent concern by the very postmaster himself, Mr. Ray Henry Schmidt. I cannot express my disappointment adequately upon discovering this deceit by an offical in a position of real responsibility on a matter of comparative unimportance.

Over and over I thought as I left the P.O. with newly opened eyes, if a government official would attempt to mislead me, an idealistic young man, on such a small matter, to what comparatively greater magnitude am I being deceived by our Bureaucracy on matters of real importance?

God help our Republic!

Very truly yours,
Jerry W. Gerde

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Unfortunately as the authors lead us into the reconstruction period their narrative begins to take on a blowziness which eventually sinks the entire book. Citing only anti-Catholicism and nativism as the thematic reservoirs of the post-Civil War period, they utterly ignore the Ku Klux Klan which they treat only in its twentieth century renaissance. Obviously this high-minded organization is one of right-wing extremism's greatest glories and its exclusion is both inexplicable and unfair. This cavalier attention to a truly energetic right-wing group has shocked my Liberal advisors and sown in them the conviction that **The Politics of Unreason** was written as a thinly veiled apology for Ku Kluxery--a wild allegation, and one that I cannot swallow. The truth probably rests somewhere in the middle. Certainly anti-Catholic organizations like the American Protective Association are entitled to deep respect for their achievement in educating the majority of decent Americans of 1870 to rate the papacy "alongside Chile, Italy, and Great Britain as one of the powers against which an inflamed populace prepared to do battle." But they wither into insignificance when compared to the Klan's commitment, idealism and action-oriented programs.

Quite aside from the authors' peculiar evasions on the Klan, their cursory and indecisive treatment of the confluence of nativism and anti-Semitism with the Free Silver movement, the Populist movement and the Grangers marks the incipient decline of the book. Inasmuch as anti-Semitism and nativism are today considered characteristics of the right and part of the right's more sordid patrimony to America, the appearance of these repulsive mental seizures demands more serious thought. Could it be that bigotry and elitism exist independent of one's political leanings? Could it be that ideological simpletons at both ends of the spectrum are susceptible to primitive monomanias? Is it possible that extremism of the left and of the right embrace more similarities than taxonomists of ideological exoticism are wont to admit? In failing to resolve these matters the authors preordained the eventual collapse of their study. And as they enter upon their discussions of the Birch Society and the Wallace campaign, confusions multiply. Their assertion that "backlash against change" or "status displacement" breeds right-wing extremism is satisfying only temporarily, for in the Coughlin movement, the modern Klan, the Black Legion, the Silver Shirts and other right-wing extremist movements of this century, too many exceptions have appeared to establish any comprehensive rule. From the book's own evidence it is difficult to see how the average Coughlinite could get much exercised over any status whatsoever. The extremist movements of this century are dizzily eclectic. If their grievances are rightist their programs are often leftist. When the authors bring up monism as the litmus test of a right-wing extremist all they are doing is describing extremism, for monism defines extremism only.

The basic problem with **The Politics of Unreason** is that behaviorists have not been able to segregate the impulses of the obsessed rightist from those of the obsessed leftist. The book should have considered both species of extremism. Even then the authors would be on sounder ground only if they avoided drawing elaborate behavioral blueprints of the political zany and contented themselves with writing a history of those groups defiant of democratic process or flagrantly abusive of democratic mores.

For instance, I recently met with the jolly boys of the Saturday Evening Club and endeavored to identify those American magnificoes who are the real right-wing nuts. Taking the authors' characteristics of right-wing kookery and pinning them to the activity of contemporary politicians, we arrived at astonishing conclusions. The authors claim extreme right-wing characteristics are the following: A) reaction to status displacement--as with the slippage of intellectuals in a technetronic age; B) a propensity to violate the norms of pluralistic politics and democratic procedure--as with nonviolent protests like poverty marches and sit-ins; C) ascription of simple causes to complex problems--as with those who cite poverty as the cause of violence; D) adherence to a conspiracy theory--as with those who gurgle about the military-industrial complex, institutionalized racism, war profiteers, etc.; and E) concern about preservatism--as with those aging Keynesian economists, New Dealers and New Frontiersmen who reign in editorial offices and university faculties. Thus we concluded that the true night-riders in the land have been such men as Senator Fulbright, John Kenneth Galbraith, the late Martin Luther King, James Reston and ineluctably Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab....Somehow I just do not feel this is what the authors had in mind.

With the most admirable intentions the authors have ascribed simply too much sophistication to bigotry and brutishness. The unusual antics characterizing the extremist often issue from simple perversity, and his moments of celebrity or popularity are more the product of man's propensity for foolishness than the aftermath of any dark yearnings. Finally the authors have pursued the taxonomy of right-wing nuisances at the expense of sound reporting. Numerous errors appear in the text like the reference to the Ohio Congressman, John Ashbrook, as James Ashbrook and the slandering of Gerald L. K. Smith's virtuous little band, the Christian Nationalist Crusade, as the Christian Crusade. This is all a terrible shame; the authors could have presented us with such an engaging tale of nonsense. □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System.** Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/ o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am a Senator in the United States Senate from South Dakota (a state just east of Wyoming) and would very much so like to be President of the United States of America just like Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. How do you suggest I seek that high Office?

A friend told me about you after reading the National Insider.

Very truly yours,
Senator Geo. McGovern

Dear Senator:

In my first book, **Plunkitt of Tammany Hall**, I devoted much time to discussion of the American democratic system. I suggest you read it, paying especial attention to my remarks on honest and dishonest graft. As to your immediate problem, I notice that you are on the Democratic Party Reform Commission. Retire from that commission by 7 January. If the American people ever hear that you had anything to do with reform your reputation will be tainted indelibly.

I am withholding further advice until you reveal to me your position on civil service reform and establishment of a commission to study mercury in tuna. It seems to me that I am ideally suited to be on such a commission, for I have always had an interest in astronomy.---GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am retiring from the Senate after serving our nation for twenty years both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. What do you suggest I do?

Cordially
Senator Stephen Young

Dear Senator Young:

How nice to hear from you. It was kind of your doctors to allow you to write; I am surprised that they still allow you the use of sharp instruments. Regarding your question, I suggest that after twenty years in Washington you turn yourself in to the authorities.— —GWP

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Letters

To the Editor:

In a review of Merlo J. Pusey's **The Way We Go to War** in **Alternative**, November, 1970, Mr. John L. Kelley refers to the Veterans of Future Wars as "an organization of the 1920's founded by a group of Princeton pacifists."

I am sure that we members of the Class of 1936 at Princeton, many of whom were charter members of the organization, would be somewhat surprised to hear that we were pacifists.

For Mr. Kelley's information, the Veterans of Future Wars was founded as a protest against the bad habit that the Veterans of World War I had contracted of mounting campaigns for more and larger bonuses. We had hoped, through the use of satire, to make the situation so laughable as to create some public sentiment against treasury raids by every pressure group that came along. I am sure that **Alternative** would consider this a commendable aim.

Unfortunately, some of our contemporaries were no more perceptive than Mr. Kelley, and collegians at campuses all over the country who had joined the organization were branded with epithets among which Mr. Kelley's "pacifists," however inaccurate, is mild. And, of course, we were the men who, a few short years later, enlisted in overwhelming numbers in all branches of the armed services.

Mr. Kelley's whole point of view, therefore, becomes somewhat suspect since one cannot help wondering if his logic and reasoning are no better than his research.

It is probably useless to argue the difference between our participation in World War II and the current fiasco, but if being a pacifist means to object to the insane course we are now following in Southeast Asia, I shall be as proud a pacifist as I was a soldier.

Sincerely,
Edward M. Williams

To the Editor:

Climbing out of the sewers of academe after a long day of absorbing the "relevant" pollutants and rapping with the "kids" is quite an ordeal. "Unresponsive" souls, such as I, after a reflection upon the day's idiocies will most often succumb to a nausea sure to disturb a night of studious endeavors. Well, I used to rely on Pepto Bismal. But that doesn't work anymore. So, upon returning to my humble abode, financed by poor but honest me, I reach for the antacids on my shelf and sinfully indulge in the heresies of the latest **Alternative**. Cool, refreshing, crisp and clear, one doesn't have to trade an upset stomach for a headache. Slightly relieved, I can then return to a behavioural analysis of the fascist brutalities inherent in our capitalist system.

Seriously, Bob, I would venture to say that you have pieced together the finest journal of student opinion found anywhere within the confines of this imperfect, yea redeemable, natural order.

The humor, sharp and satirical, is far superior to anything I have seen published by the student Left.

So, keep sending your irreverent dissent out here to unreconstructed Arizona. Keep doing your part to keep the "kids" morally outraged.

Yours in Heresy,
Bob Moffit

To the Editor:

I just read your November issue and want to thank you for the splendid job you seem to be doing. Your point of view is little heralded in America today (for it seems the press is more eager to write about violence), but if calm is to return and progress to continue it is people who think as you who will prove crucial.

Andrew Hopkins
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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to a Better America

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Editorials

(continued from page 2)

Further I suggest that it be widely distributed as a calculable remedy for insomnia and melancholy. It is that good!

Now the presidential commission, though a prodigiously useful device for governing Americans, is not the creation of Yankee ingenuity. Derived from the French version of government, the prototype for the American presidential commission was brought to these shores by the gifted Monsier Marcel Marceau--a French mime, who, before adoring audiences on specially prepared stages, creates from shadows and gesticulations the most wonderful world of fantasy. A similar effect is conjured by the presidential commission but with grave differences. For while M. Marceau's masterful bamboozlements originate from an aesthetic heart endeavoring to entertain, the typical campus commissioner has the spirit of a Machiavellian endeavoring to yoke.

Lamentably the American people, who possess unparalleled wealth and live in unapproachable freedom, have divested themselves of any satisfying conception of virtue. The result has been unendurable boredom, and practically the entire nation is itching with restlessness. One group fusses about, hectoring the majority for its "immoral" public policy, while personally adhering to a moral code that would elicit despair from an occasionally principled alley cat. And the majority schizophrenically presumes itself morally unassailable, while articulating no moral vision at all. The prevailing economic system demands discipline and self-denial from a man during his productive hours and wanton materialism when he leaves the office or plant at night. A vague uneasiness warms the air; the society is bored, its culture jejune and its politics in need of engaging the citizenry's antsy attentions or anaesthetizing its longings.

Viewed from this perspective the Scranton Commission is an unforgettable performance. Featuring a narrative that is the most arresting since Rabelais, it advocates a squirt of ether for every sort of lame brain. It gorges the busybodies' appetite for unction and magic by demanding the President exert "moral leadership" and devote several days every week to ministering to Americans much like the village shaman ministered to his cretinous aborigines. And it soothes the mob by assuring that the idealistic youths who bomb university and government buildings are "criminals." (Yet this is not to imply that society should punish these "criminals". Surely that is no answer. Rather society should understand them.) Thus all the idiots who believe in the authority of presidential reports have come away from the Scranton Report smacking their chops, satisfied that the federal government cares for them. And this is where our presidential commissions depart from their prototype, Marceau. For the audience that pays to see Marceau expects to be deceived while in the audience paying for a presidential commission only the shrewdest commission-watcher anticipates fraud.

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But the fraudulence perpetrated by a presidential commission is not the kind of swindle that we customarily expect from a public servant, for whereas a Bobby Baker or a Senator Dodd attempts to sound plausible the typical presidential commission attempts to sound bewilderingly idiotic. Consider this preposterous concatenation of shiftiness lifted from the Report's very first paragraph:

> The crisis on American campuses has no parallel in the history of the nation. This crisis has roots in divisions of American society as deep as any since the Civil War. The divisions are reflected in violent acts and harsh rhetoric, and in the enmity of those Americans who see themselves as occupying opposing camps. Campus unrest reflects and increases a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole.

Now of course this passage most certainly accomplishes the fundamental purpose for which every presidential commission is established. It snares the widest range of dolts, titillating the jaded, scaring hell out of the Middle Americano and assuring the radical and pop students that their childish tantrums are earth-shaking events. This effect has not been achieved by the advance of invincible logic but by uncompromising idiocy. If the "crisis on American campuses has no parallel in the history of the nation, "how is it the roots of the crisis are "as deep as any since the Civil War"? Or exactly how does this great crisis lack a parallel? And does campus unrest really reflect and increase "a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole"? Where do we go to find that crisis? In all my travels I cannot claim to have encountered this historic division, at least not above sea level. There is some ignorance, some benign apathy and much enlightened repugnance, but about campus unrest there is no critical division. Even the silent majority finds it distasteful, if they notice it at all. The only people I know of who favor campus unrest are the clinically insane--persons like the Students for a Democratic Society, the editors of **The New York Review of Books** and Professor Charles Reich. Not even the distinguished Mr. Scranton approves. In fact I am not sure who he could have found to write this portion of the Report.

Surely Mr. Paul Weaver, the Report's editor, is not the culprit. Mr. Weaver is renowned for his knowledge and intelligence, and I have it on the best of testimony that he is a fellow of the most civilized sensibility. Actually, as is customary with presidential commissions, the politicians imposed upon this man's sense of patriotism to come to Washington, assist them in writing the two intelligent chapters of the Report ("Student Protest in the 1960's" and "The Causes of Student Protest") and correct the commissioners' misspellings. According to the evidence of my research staff, the **Report** was mostly written by its commissioners and a team of retired cigarette advertisers who had spent much of their professional careers writing Salem and Marlboro ads and experimenting with lysergic acid diethylamide.

Now this last bit of information might shock some readers but only those who have not read the report which abounds with enormities such as the following quotation which so successfully fulfilled the political function of the Report that the New York Times was duped into publishing it in the Times' editorial:

> We utterly condemn violence. Students who bomb and burn are criminals. Police and National Guardsmen who needlessly shoot and assault students are criminals. All who applaud these evil acts share in their evil. There must be a national cease-fire.

Think of it, not only does the author of this confused little ditty forthrightly denounce "violence," but he opposes "needless" assaults and shootings" (Is this to say that what America really needs are indispensable assaults and shootings which the commission would then presumably call "needful"?). And he courageously stands above the roar of artillery demanding a "cease-fire." Who does he imagine himself to be, U Thant? Is he addressing two sovereign nations? Actually the author is directing this stentorian twaddle toward the police authorized by law (though not always respectful of it) and a small band of juvenile delinquents authorized by perversity. Had the author understood the meaning of the word violence, he would have realized that police charged to deal with riots are rarely guilty of violence simply because of the definition of the word, but students who bomb and burn are always guilty of violence. Now such solicitude for fact would flaw the Report's idiocy and thereby vitiate its usefulness as a device for governing the gullible. But we at **The Alternative** feel there is a consideration of greater moment regarding this particular report.

Last year America was visited by over 4,500 bombings and bomb threats. It did indeed become a little more dangerous to inhabit our Liberal empire--though not so dangerous as the imaginative pundits would have us believe. With this in mind it seems to us that such a witless statement about violence will only serve to justify the enrages. A few years ago we would have greeted such passages with waves of laughter but now those waves prelude troubled reflections even among the jaunty fellows of the Saturday Evening Club.

The left-wing radicals are uttering crude sentiments that stir faintly disquieting recollections. The fiery obsessions, the anti-intellectualism, the odd cant, the anti-semitism the atavism somehow we have heard it all before. And maybe this presidential commission should have been less dissembling and provided something more than a circus for the morons.

It takes no enormous thrust of the imagination to envision our leftish radicals as rightist youth. The epigones of Herr Marcuse and Herr Kunstler make pretty good marchers and bombers and burners. If they described themselves as young idealistic Nazis would the New York **Times** refer to them as "the kids" or "the youngsters"? Would the Scranton Report demand all this soul searching from America's burghers? Would the commissioners speak as they do in the present report of a "new youth kultur" emerging amongst students:

> Its members love this country, but they are scornful of the traditional values and outdated social structures held by their elders. They are idealistic and they are fearful of what they consider the unnatural Jewish elite which governs this country. They believe that America has lost its sense of human purpose and must renew that purpose by colonizing."

Is all this a ghastly flight of imagination, utterly unthinkable in middle-class America?

Well what about middle-class Germany in 1930? There is a vague uneasiness warming the air, unemployment and confrontation as a "new culture" confronts the police, and let us imagine that Heinrich Bruning's liberal republic issues a report:

> We utterly denounce violence. Students who bomb and burn libraries and synagogues are criminals. Police and National Guardsmen who needlessly shoot and assault students are criminals. All who applaud these evil acts share in their evil. There must be a national cease-fire.

Today the American intellectual class would brand such a report, shall we say, pusillanimous? But that was in Germany and this is America, and when Mr. Nixon on 12 December took issue with Scranton's conclusions he was probably out of touch with the "new culture."

George Nathan □

Editorial II

The Alternative Chastized

The following article was published in the PURDUE EXPONENT'S "Guest Column." We are republishing it as our editorial on the mental state of the Ritualistic Liberal. And we certainly do hope Professor Doktor Ronen gets that promotion that seems to be troubling him so. To deny him tenure would be to deny future generations of Purdue students buckets full of condign hilarity.

Attempting to Evaluate

by Dov Ronen
Assistant Professor, Political Science
Purdue University

Yesterday a "free copy" of **The Alternative** was placed in my mailbox. It was the first time I have seen it. Although I haven't read all through it--my temperament does not fit the forbearance such an enterprise would demand--I have read the article on Cuba.

Interpretations of available evidence vary; I have my own doubts about some

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aspects of the Cuban experiment, of which I know little more than the average person. But to write an article about my country without any reference to sources; without any attempt to inquire, to evaluate, to marshal evidence; to write to provoke hatred, hatred and fear...

Why do people of this state support universities?

For what purpose do they build libraries and buy books?

Why do we stand in class teaching our students to question, to doubt, to inquire?

Why do we tell them that a modern society is a rational society, where our attempts to control and change our environment are not guided by blinding emotions?

Why do we tell them that this society is a modern society?

Why waste money and energy and research time when their minds may in any case be set on the unalterable image of totalitarian, dictatorial, oppressive, militant, warmongering or what-have-you Cuba?

Why have we been trying to define and refine concepts and terms, to distinguish political aims and means and practices and ideas, ideologies and programs?

Why do we write books about them that nobody reads and lecture on them when nobody listens?

And what is there to do if liberal - radical - leftist - socialist - communist - Marxist - Leninist - Maoist - lunatics (many words for the same "thing") confront moderate conservatives on the "respectable" side?

The world doesn't have the slightest chance to survive this madness built on fear and hatred. How can it? A counter-argument, on the situation in Cuba or elsewhere in the "East," could not and would not be brought forward they will say, except by a communist sympathizer; how can anyone else see any positive aspects in anything labeled communist?

If evidence is presented, statistics for example, to support the positive argument, they are judged a lie.

If not clearcut evidence but rather a conjunction of factors is demonstrated--such as: in the 1920's millions of Chinese died of starvation yearly and additional millions of children with hunger swollen bodies survived in misery, but in contrast there is no evidence of mass starvation in China today--it is rejected out of hand. "How do you know? Have you been there?" We do not know; we refuse to believe.

At the same time, we do know if Mao is ill or, that the Red Guards killed so and so many peasants in a particular province; for these facts our sources of information can be trusted: the first group of statements does not fit our preconceived notions about "them" and the second group does.

I do not have anything personal against the writer of the Cuban article; I do not know him and I don't care to. It is the atmosphere I am referring to, an atmosphere of hatred, of unawareness, of lack of intellectual or intelligent curiosity, of unreceptiveness to differing arguments that may or may not be correct.

I am not ready to stand up for Cuba in this case: whether Cuba is a good place or a bad place is secondary. It is the tone of the article (and of the paper as a whole I assume) that counts, the attitude.

If we cannot bring people to question, to search, to think, to read, to be open to different views, understanding may never come. Just because of the physical distances between "East" and "West," ways of communication other than through ideas are difficult to develop.

If we penetrate the existing gap between "them" and "us" on preconceived notions and emotionalism and do not resort to our intellectual capacities for any other purpose than improving and maximizing the machinery to defend "us" from "them"--we are not better than animals with the natural instinct of self-defense.

What a waste... □

Continuing Crisis
(continued from page 2)

arrested six SDS Weathermen for plotting to bomb a bank.

Dr. Louis N. D'Ascoli, principal of Eastchester High School in New York, announced a national campaign for changing the last words of the Pledge of Allegiance to read "seeking liberty and justice for all." He is assisted by Amy Gruberg. On 9 December the Princeton Undergraduate Assembly overcame their Dean's objections and voted for the reinstatement of the extra-curricular ROTC program which had been suspended after the Cambodian invasion. Their decision still needs approbation from the faculty-dominated University Council and faces rough-going. The Narragansett Boy Scout Council of Rhode Island unanimously approved James Clark's Eagle Scout award which had previously been denied on the grounds that he was an atheist. Wishing to purchase counseling facilities and the necessities of life for American draft-dodgers in Canada the World Council of Churches sought to raise $210,000.23 and compared the plight of these draft-dodgers to the flight of the Jews into Egypt some centuries ago. On 12 December President Nixon disputed the conclusions of the Scranton Commission Report in a letter to Mr. Scranton (see

Continued on Page 22

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Continued from Page 21

editorial). Mr. Nixon announced that he would seek economic expansion without inflation and met with the press for the first time in four months. The Treasury Department announced that moonshine production had hit its lowest level since 1960.

From 13 to 20 December Poland experienced urban unrest allegedly over increases in food prices. Many people were arrested and there were some deaths conducing to a Communist party shakeup and the downfall of party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka. On 24 December Pravda found that "not everything is going smoothly" in Poland. The Ninety-first Congress expired on 2 January leaving much legislation in the eye of the beholder, and mercury was found in tuna. Mr. H. Flake Braswell, an elder in the True Light Church of Christ, faced the new year with uncertainty. It had been his contention, and that of his flock, that the world would end sometime in 1970, probably on 21 December. Three inmates of the Philippine National Penitentiary died after a holiday drinking session of hair tonic and barbiturates. And in Rio de Janeiro one half million devotees of voodoo spent New Year's Eve on Rio beaches sacrificing chickens and sending small boats filled with perfumes, cosmetics, rum and champagne to Yemanja, the sea goddess. Finally it seems that the Indiana educator, arrested for entertaining an unsuspecting "house guest" on a "sex torture board" in his basement, will now be prosecuted. The crisis continues unabated. □

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Brayings from the Left

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." --Euripedes

NEW REPUBLIC

John Osborne, **The New Republic's** premier journalist, takes time out from his more philosophical ruminations to discuss oddly the Agnew style.

> When I mentioned the swelling Agnew britches to a trusted Nixon assistant in San Clemente, the response was wonderful to hear.

NEW REPUBLIC

Liberalism marches on....

There are simply too many senile voters and their number is growing. The vote should not be a privilege in perpetuity, guaranteed by minimal physical survival.

NEW REPUBLIC

...And as it marches its step becomes stiffer, a little more martial, almost Aryan:

> ...anyone who migrates to another state after age 55 should lose the vote forthwith. Such persons move not to contribute to their community but to extract its advantages.

NATION

The Nation advertises a truly remarkable book and offers a penetrating glimpse at hang-up-free-Liberalism.

> The Sixties has been a decade of awakening. Black militants pointed to the racist nature of all American society, and for the doubtful, the 1968 National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders corroborated the view that racism is the white man's creation and responsibility.
>
> But the recognition of white racism is only the first step. Barry Schwartz and Robert Disch have gone a step further. In their book **White Racism: Its History, Pathology and Practice**, an anatomy of racism is presented. **White Racism** is an anthology of historical and contemporary writings, including selections from **The Nation**, which turns the spotlight where it belongs: on white America. (We enjoin you to read this magnificent book. Read it and hate yourself--eds.)

JOHN VLIET LINDSAY

Profound commentary on our ecological doom from the great mayor of America's most highly populated garbage heap:

> The reason for the filth is that Congress and the Federal Government has (sic) put all its (sic) tax incentives and technology to work to put man on the moon and has (sic) done absolutely nothing on the technology of environment...including cleaning the streets.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER

Proof that even Nazis find morons useful:

Now, my hope is that we will all be able to bring about fundamental changes in this society by resistance rather than by revolution. But I would remind you that in his most recent book, **Points of Rebellion**, William Douglas, justice of the Supreme Court, makes the point: 'We must realize that today's establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to its tactics we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution.' "

Mrs. R. Knuteson

Provocative question from an apprehensive observer of this globe of travail showing once again the urgent need for a Nobel Prize for clownishness:

> The television recently produced two programs depicting the cruelty and utter disregard for the creatures God created.
>
> Hundreds of pelts taken from lovely leopards for the vanity of woman, and now men? Funny-faced seals clubbed to death and skinned, again without efficacy.
>
> Man, man, man. When will he stop? Early in the Bible the Lord told man to be fruitful and multiply. But since He made us the highest of the animals, I'm sure he expected us to use that brain to reason out the extension of our resources.
>
> Knowing all this, no one has the right, whether for reasons of selfishness and conceit, religion, or just plain stupidity or carelessness to reproduce himself four or more times.
>
> Man, when will he stop?

THE NATION

Letters of encouragement and joviality pour into the merry offices of **The Nation:**

> ...we have been receiving many encouraging letters from soldiers. Some are horrified witnesses or unhappy accomplices of U.S. foreign policy. Others are victims of the repression.

JEAN GENET

An example of the devastating effect of American Tee Vee Westerns on the French intellectual:

> I'm afraid that in the climate of fear in White America they'll massacre Angela Davis...They're going to try to kill her, claiming she'd been trying to escape. Any excuse to shoot her.

HERR KUNSTLER

Emotional call for "relevance" in education by Herr William Kunstler, "Chicago 7" lawyer:

> ...learn to fight in the streets, learn to revolt, learn to shoot guns...you may ultimately be bathed in blood...

Poignant prose from the subterranean culture of Middle America:

> IN LOVING MEMORY of Howard Frank Watson, who passed away 3 years ago today, October 1, 1967.
>
> Dearest Frank, as you know today is my birthday,
> A sad one as it will always be
> As that is the day Jesus chose to call you to your home of eternity.
> I never knew a heart could ache with such bitter pain,
> I never knew days and nights could be so lonely, sad and blue til I lost you.
> To learn a house was just a house not a home without your loved one there.
> Oh, how I wish that you could be still sitting here beside me.
> Just to talk like we used to do
> And you could tell me the things best for me to do.
> To you who still have a husband or wife, one faithful and true,
> Cherish them with love and care, for you'll never have a heartache til you find them not there.
> Very sadly missed by wife, Wilma; son Gary, daughter Nancy and family.

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